

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY, 1841.

Original. WORKS OF TASTE.

BY L. L. HAMLINE.

"Novels on novels—shelves on shelves arise,
Of various merit, as of various size;
But good and bad, promiscuous as they fall,
A greedy host advance and swallow all.
And see! they mount the toilet of the fair,
And seek and find an easy homage there."

THE rose and the rainbow—would they be equally attractive with any other names? For one, I doubt it. I know it is said there is nothing in a name; but experience contradicts the proverb. If those ferocious words, tiger and crocodile, had been used to designate the dove and the lamb, the taste of succeeding generations would have loathed the sacrilege. And this can be accounted for. Even since the fall, man retains a portion of that intuitive sagacity by which Adam discerned the nature of every species of animal, and gave to each a name significant of its properties.

Names misapplied have produced serious evils. To this, in part, we may trace the fall and ruin of mankind; for the temptation in paradise was by a deceitful use of words. Misnomers of every sort may be ascribed to ignorance, to hypocrisy, or to levity. If such is their impure origin, how can their influence on public morals be wholesome or even harmless?

As an instance of the perversion of words, and of its detrimental consequences, I adduce the phrase, "*works of taste*," which is now chiefly used as a generic designation of novels, romances, plays, and all sorts of prolusive composition—such as does not embrace the solid, the religious, or the grave. The man or woman who originated the application of that phrase to such trivial productions, may have been less wicked than Satan or not so mischievous as Eve; but no finite mind can estimate the injury which has resulted to society from an invention so perverse. How many fictions owe half their popularity to this deceitful christening. How many grave resolutions formed in closet solitude, and fortified by weeping supplications for heavenly strength and succor, have yielded to the appeal—"What? not read works of taste!" When argument has failed, such an exclamation has persuaded even the religious that not to read the light productions of the age would be absolutely barbarous.

To disabuse the serious of this mistaken sentiment, I propose to institute a brief inquiry relative to *real* works of taste.

In the first place, let us fix on the attributes of such works. These are, a well selected theme, boldness and originality of thought, judicious arrangement, and the various graces of style or expression.

Vol. I—5

The *theme* should be instructive and entertaining. This is so apparent that it ought to need no confirmation. Yet in opening a volume for the evening's entertainment, how many persons are utterly regardless of utility. If they can rouse their minds to a state of agreeable excitement, it is all one to them what principles are inculcated, what sentiments, pure or impure, are wrought into their own moral constitutions. Whether the writer's theme be grave or trifling—suited to entertain the wise or to amuse the idiotic, they do not pause to inquire. Whether, indeed, there be a theme at all, or a moral of any sort—whether any particular virtue be vindicated or vice impugned, it matters not to them, so that the incidents are either comic or tragic enough to kindle some of their passions into a flame, and feed the lighted fires. And let me inquire if it is an element of good taste in any production of the pen, that it treats of *nothing*—that the writer proceeds through a whole volume without a *theme* to discuss, and without conducting the reader to a solitary conclusion which contains either the instruction or the warning of sound moral? Would the orator be tolerated who should thus deal with an intelligent assembly? If not, why do we call that *taste* in written compositions, which would be insufferable from the lips of a speaker? Judged by a reasonable standard, no book, without an impropriety of speech, can be called "a work of taste," unless its theme blend instruction with entertainment.

Another element of taste in the productions of the pen is boldness and originality of thought. These are kindred qualities. They are not often separated; because the intellectual energy and enterprise which are necessary to either, compass both. Moreover, both are exceedingly agreeable to the reader. Bold thoughts are like sublime scenery in nature—like the grandeur of the mountain, the cataract, or the storm. If original as well as bold, they impress the mind with still greater surprise and delight—as magnificent scenery, when first discovered, bursts upon the senses with ten-fold effect. In all works of taste there is much true poetry; for nothing is so purely poetical as bold conceptions flowing from an inventive imagination, and exhibited in an appropriate dress. These are what Horace describes as essential qualities of poetic composition;—

"*Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum; des nominis hujus honorem.*"

"*Ingenium*"—a rich "*invention*"—is that creative power which exists in a fervid, bold imagination. "*Mens divinior*"—by which he probably means a quick sensibility (called divine, for its excellence) to the charms of animate and inanimate being, and also a certain [divine] sympathy in the interests and happiness of God's creatures, which enables a writer to enter

into the affections and passions of others, so as to describe and imitate them. Without this sensibility, no speaker or writer can clearly conceive the affections and actions which he would delineate. But according to Horace the poet must also have the "*os magna sonaturum*"—that is, the "*power of expression*," or the flow and force of language.

Not to dwell at present on this flow of words, I would insist that the *ingenium* or invention, which Horace deems so essential to the poet, is equally indispensable to all good writing, and that it is richly displayed in every work of taste.

Another characteristic of works of taste, is an orderly, judicious arrangement. The different parts of a tasteful composition bear an intimate relation to each other; and in the structure of the whole, each part, like the timbers in an edifice, is carefully fitted to its place. A love of order is impressed on the human constitution; and the natural relish is cultivated by correct education. Every branch of study strengthens within us this love of order. Even the pursuits of life, such as the labors of husbandry and operative mechanism, have the same effect; for these are prosecuted systematically and with a careful regard to method. In her domestic arrangements, the good housewife is daily practicing the same regimen, and nothing is more offensive to her sense of domestic propriety, than to detect disorder in her household affairs. I might go farther still, and descending in the scale of being, might claim that heaven is so partial to order, that an instinctive observance of it has been imposed on brutes and on the smallest insects, so that the beaver, the ant and the bee are, in their habits, beautiful illustrations of its utility and comeliness. Nay, even the inanimate creation is subject to order. The petals of the gentlest floweret that drinks in the sunbeams, betoken that the Creator has impressed this law of order upon all, even the minutest of his works. And if God loves order, and has imparted the same affection to his creatures, rational, irrational, and senseless, the productions of the human mind, above all, ought to reveal its symmetry and charms. The fruits of man's *mechanical* skill bear the impress of order. How much more should the productions of his mind, which are designed to be immortal, exhibit a solicitous regard to the harmony and beauty of just arrangement. This attribute is indispensable to real works of taste; and for its absence nothing can atone. It matters not how much genius is displayed in other forms, unless it is successful in so collocating the several parts of a treatise or discourse as to render distinct their mutual dependence, and preserve what rhetoricians denominate *unity*.

The *graces of language* belong to works of taste. By some this may be deemed a concession to the spirit of a novel reading age; but I am persuaded otherwise. And I invite all who suspect me of this moral laxity to deliberate a little. In the sequel they may be convinced that the attractions of language do not belong peculiarly, much less exclusively, to fiction and romance. It is strange indeed and much to be deplored, if the unprincipled narrator of love tales and their tragic

issues, may appropriate to his exclusive benefit the charms of a gracefully flowing diction. What can any one intend by such an insinuation? Would he teach us that language was invented by Beelzebub—that the precious gift came from beneath? He would almost compel us to believe that the prerogative of speech was a dowry from perdition—that language was invented by the great father of lies, who retains the exclusive freedom of employing it merely to deceive and lead astray.

Language is the gift of God. He made man's mouth, bestowed the power of articulation, and as the early instructor of our race, taught its Patriarch how to exercise that power. *Written* language is also from Heaven. The finger of God, on tables of stone, wrought the earliest inscription, and the ancient books of the Old Testament, written by his amanuenses, are the fruits of the first lessons taken by mankind. In the composition of the Bible, the Divine Spirit has taught us, that the graces of language may be properly employed to embellish truths the most solemn and sacred, and add attractions to the livery in which they are revealed. Then let it not be supposed that by naming the graces of language as one of the attributes of tasteful composition, I concede any thing to the spirit of novel reading. Heaven forbid that, to a spirit so essentially impure and anti-christian, any thing should be conceded, except to confess that it is one of the greatest calamities of the age. These remarks sufficiently illustrate the essential characteristics of works of taste, viz., a *theme* which blends utility with entertainment—*boldness* and *originality* of thought, *judicious arrangement* and the *graces of language*.

But where can these characteristics be found? Are they more frequently blended in what are popularly denominated works of taste, or in those of a graver character? Some of them are common to both. Bold conception, discreet method, and forcible and elegant expression are exhibited in treatises on science and religion, and also in skillfully-wrought fiction, whether epic, dramatic, or in the form of simple narrative. The inquiry therefore must be carried farther, if we would fix on real works of taste. Which class of writings, the light or the grave, blends with the above attributes the first in our enumeration, viz., a well selected theme? Certainly the grave; so that in this respect the serious writer has a decided advantage. I would class with serious writers all who treat of any branch of science or literature, or discuss any subject in morals or religion, or any principle which has a bearing on the business and economy of life. I do not embrace however in this list such as, driven by a side wind, touch incidentally on these themes; but those who make them the subjects of discussion, and aim to instruct their readers in these great departments of truth. Such writers only are employed about themes which blend utility with entertainment.

But less vaguely, to the question where may these characteristics be found, I reply, in the writings of many distinguished scholars, statesmen, and divines of the

last and present centuries. This is selected as the period of the greatest refinement in the style of English composition. In the sixteenth century, under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the English language began to emerge from barbarism; in the seventeenth its improvement was accelerated, and early in the eighteenth century it verged towards its present state of maturity. From the days of Addison, that great reformer of English taste and literature, many, and indeed most of our eminent writers, have assiduously cultivated a luminous and graceful style, so that in discussions the most grave and profound, they express themselves not only with perspicuity, but often with great force and beauty. To one who never gave this subject much attention, it would be interesting to compare the style of John Locke, a predecessor of Addison, with that of Reid and Hume, who wrote on ethics and pneumatology in a manner perfectly intelligible, and sometimes exceedingly attractive. Locke, with all his majesty of intellect, penned many sentences, which, if isolated, it would require almost a divine inspiration to understand. His everlasting circumlocution to explain the identity of the oak is an example. Although Mr. Locke was a profound writer, and had the honor of commencing a new era in mental philosophy, yet I would not insist that he wrote with much taste; for with all his mental energy, he is exceedingly deficient in grace, and sometimes in propriety of expression. Addison was by forty years the successor of Locke. With him and with Pope, who was a few years his junior, flourished the Augustan period of English literature; and it is worthy of notice that novel writing, in its modern acceptation, had scarcely any thing to do with its advancement. Its first stage was more indebted to Addison (some would except Steele) than to any other writer, and its second confessed Johnson as its Coryphæus. Neither of these, as is well known, aimed merely to amuse, but assiduously sought to reform the follies and to refine the morals of the age.

We now approach a conclusion which I trust will not be revolting to the reader. It is, that many grave productions of the most eminent philosophers, scholars and divines of the last one hundred and fifty years, are properly and pre-eminently works of taste; inasmuch as they discuss well selected themes, with great boldness and originality of thought, in a method just and admirable, and in a diction remarkably pure and graceful. To enumerate the list of profound and eloquent writers who have instructed and delighted the living and the dead, by treatises on the sciences, on general literature and on Christian theology, and point out the peculiar merits of each, would be impossible in the limits of this article, and must be deferred to another occasion. It is sufficient at present to say, that the literary refinement of the period above named has spread unexpected charms over all the fields of physical, moral, and religious truth. Intellectual philosophy, and natural science in some of its branches, are often discussed in an order so lucid, and in language so attractive that, setting aside the importance of the themes, one might

be tempted to forsake Elysium itself, to trace such beauty, and to suffer the power of so pleasing an enchantment.

Commencing, as I have said, with Addison and Pope, and descending to our own times, what an array of talent, strengthened and refined by the highest degree of mental cultivation, meets us in our progress; and how do the fruits of mature intellect, fairer than Eden's, cluster along the path?

But last of all, we must not forget to urge what should never be omitted, that besides all these, there are certain *celestial relishes* brought by sanctuary spies from the other side of Jordan. I refer to the Bible. Startle not at the announcement, when I alledge that this, above any, above all other books, is, in the proper sense, a work of taste. It has more excellences of every sort, than all the writings of mankind. I speak not now with the least deference to its divine origin. Losing sight of its authorship, and judging it as a book of histories, of biographies, of political, moral, and religious truth—in a word, viewing it as a mere collection of literary treasures, it is the richest depository on earth. It contains wealth and beauty of every sort in the highest perfection. The Pentateuch and the Gospels present sketches of history so important to mankind, that if the world should lose them, its wisdom would be to implore annihilation. Its elegies are the most pathetic, and its descriptions the most sublime in the universe. *Thanks be to God for the unspeakable gift!*

Lest you grow impatient, we will now make a diversion, and consider the case of novels. There is properly a difference between a novel and a fiction; but modern usage has lost sight of the distinction, so that we may now take the terms as convertible. But the latter only is significant of the peculiar characteristics of such works, which is, that *invention supplies their incidents*. In this labor, genius is more or less aided by historical hints, but only in the way of suggestion—the characters and scenes being drawn from fancy, without any moral regard to facts. The principal charm of such a work lies in its comic, tragic, or marvelous representations, so that the writer who wins distinction in this field pursues it on the wing of a bold imagination, guided by what he believes to be the public taste. Like other writers, the novelist studies a select diction, and to the utmost of his skill, displays the various attractions of style. It is also right to mention that heretofore many novels wore titles which had a moral significancy, and by this, chiefly, gained the reputation of illustrating to advantage those good or evil passions which are cherished to the honor, or are indulged to the detriment of mankind. Modern novelists, however, whether because *they* have more, or because they perceive that their readers have *less* conscience, do not attempt this imposition on the credulity of the public. Scott and his successors have generally given no moral christening to their works, but have honestly borrowed titles from the names of their heroes.

Both prose and poetry have been appropriated by fiction. Anciently almost all poetry was fiction, while

prose professed to be the livery of truth. But order is now changed, and our modern novel writers prefer the sober garb. Moore and Byron are exceptions. It is not easy to determine the moral value of a certain class of productions, embracing *Paradise Lost* and *Pollok's Course of Time*. The former, as a literary work, is justly entitled to its unequalled fame. It is one of the most splendid monuments of genius in existence. And I am not bold enough to condemn the plan of the poem, yet have sometimes wondered whether if Milton could live again, he would make so free with the deeds and destinies of the celestial hierarchies. After so long an intimacy with the scenery of heaven, I doubt if his pen would not move more cautiously in making up sketches of what is not revealed. Should he *now* attempt to describe wars in heaven, I suspect he would desire some facts to go upon.

But leaving out of the question this class of writings, (which he who values reputation should either praise or let alone,) what is the literary and moral value of those novels which the press has issued during the last thirty years? Doubtless, if nine-tenths were in the flames, it would be no loss to literature. That proportion could be well spared. For what does it consist of but finically framed incidents which, for want of genius to invent, were gathered from the dilapidations of decayed and buried histories, and from charnel-houses where entombed generations of unremembered romances should have been permitted to repose undisturbed. If this is literature, may we escape its odors!

As to the remaining tenth, they do possess *literary* merit. Some of them are written with great skill and genius, and cannot be read but with absorbing interest. It is not surprising that they are devoured without satiety, and that the world waits with sharpened appetite for successive dishes of such exquisite viands. But while to their literature we yield deserved praise, we must in conscience add, that if ninety-nine hundredths of this remnant were destroyed from off the earth, it would be an unspeakable favor to the morals of mankind. In vindication of the statement, it is sufficient to say—what critical readers must know to be fact—that not one in a hundred of these productions presents throughout, correct representations of vice and virtue. Indeed, it is doubtful if *one* can be found which does not, in some passages, give false images of both. Many of them, with strong pretense, vindicate virtue and condemn vice in certain passages which are purposely made prominent, and are to the unsuspecting the credentials of the work. But either by carelessness or design, other passages contain insinuations which tend to loosen the hold of truth upon the conscience, and render sin less odious in its deeds and less repulsive in its penalty.

If all this is true, what judgment shall we pass upon fictions? Shall we baptize them "works of taste?" Or shall we, with Christian independence, pronounce them unworthy of so much praise? If we condemn, be assured that the world will stand up for them. But so let it; truth is mighty and will ultimately prevail,

notwithstanding fiction has for the present ten admirers and disciples to her one. I know that these disciples propose to make it a contest of reason. And pray what are their arguments?

First, they tell us that "our best fictions are founded on facts." And is this urged in their vindication? It is an aggravated offense. If they are *founded* on facts, (a verbiage which implies a superstructure of falsehood,) they may prove to be frauds upon history. For who, in after times, is to separate fact from fable and preserve history pure? The time will probably come that amidst many volumes of such mixed recitals, facts cannot be distinguished; and then history will be uncertain, because its records will be rendered doubtful. To some this may be a novel objection to that class of romances which are formed from the hints and suggestions of history. But if we advert to the past, we shall find that the objection is not unwarranted—at least "*it is founded upon facts.*" Several fragments of ancient literature have been for ages of an uncertain character, and many which are now proved to be of no authority or credit have, for centuries, deceived the world, being imposed upon it as truth. I will mention for example Pliny's history, which, however, authentic in the estimation of most persons, has been challenged by the critics as a pleasing fiction. Those false "Decretals" which obtained such sway in the ninth century, and rendered the pope so terrific in the unheard of prerogatives with which they clothed him, afford another instance of the kind. The reputed letter of Publius Lentulus, a forgery of the tenth or eleventh century, which has been received as a genuine and true description of the person of Jesus Christ by the procurator of Judea, is another example. And think of the respect that the Christian world once paid to the alledged Letter of Agbarus to Jesus Christ—and to certain other letters which a fraudulent priesthood ascribed to the virgin Mary. To these may be added the counterfeit Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, all of which are singular monuments of the ingenuity with which fiction is forged, and of the credulity with which it is canonized as truth. It is certain that in the present state of society there are unusual facilities to perpetuate the distinction between history and romance. But we know not what is in the womb of time. Some think that there are vials to be poured out, and trumpets to be sounded, and mysteries to be unfolded, which will once more darken earth and heaven. And should this prove to be true, in the progress of revolutions tending immediately to barbarism, though ultimately to the millennium, the time may come when the "Scottish Chiefs" and "Quentin Durward" will have lost the unequivocal tokens of fiction, and will be received as fragments of history—when the huge mass of romances which have been so long accumulating, will usurp the authority and dominion of truth, and form the text-books of remote generations, from which they will derive their opinions of preceding times, and by which they will judge the character of their ancestry. Thus are the records of true history periled by what are called, with

great complacency, "fiction founded upon facts." Moreover, the history of the world is the history of human nature; and it is the history of God's holy and merciful providence towards mankind. To corrupt the channels of history, therefore, is to tarnish and falsify the records of God's dealings with his creatures. It is profanely publishing libels against Deity.

In the next place the admirers of fiction have the effrontery to urge "its healthful moral tendency." Such an allegation should be sustained by facts. *Religion* claims to reform its sincere converts; but it does not require us to take speculation for proof. It refers us to the reformed, and in them we have the living witnesses of its purifying power. Let fiction do the same. Let the proof of its moralizing tendency be furnished to our senses, in the righteous deeds and virtuous lives of some of its admirers, who can trace their sound morality to *its influence*. Let it point us to a termagant wife softened into conjugal placability by the "Taming of the Shrew;" or a solitary child of fraud and misfortune, restored to sobriety by reading "Charlotte Temple." Alas! all the novelists in the world have not yet accomplished a solitary conquest over one vicious propensity of human nature. If I am in error, correct me. I affirm what I sincerely suppose to be true.

And yet fictions have made conquests. They are now producing deep and lasting impressions on society. The morals of Christendom, which forty years ago, were, in these United States, formed almost entirely under the influence of serious reading, are now radically corrupted by the wholesale issues of a mercenary press. Consider this. Glance your eye over the land, and marking the change in public morals, turn to your yet innocent and happy children, and if conscience will permit, talk to them of the good moral tendency of romances.

You may wonder how it is that these works do *not* tend to promote pure morals, when they hold up vice to scorn and execration, and exhibit virtue in all her attractions—when they illustrate the miseries resulting from the former, and present the latter as eventually triumphant. But for this there are two reasons. First, we know that what we read is *fiction*; and, according to a well known law of our minds, it cannot strengthen, but rather weakens the impression that virtue and vice tend to the issues indicated. We finish the novel, lay it aside, and the charm being broken, the first labor of the mind is the recollection that this is a fancy-piece. All the circumstances wrought into the thread of the story are fabulous; and the issue, in which vice suffers defeat and virtue is made to appear triumphant and honorable, is understood to be equally unfounded. Instead, therefore, of strengthening the belief that virtue and vice tend to such retributive results, novel reading invariably, though imperceptibly, weakens the conviction derived from other sources. Second, the novelist places vice in too great notoriety. Thousands, are abandoned to such a degree of moral profligacy, that they would prefer the notoriety of crime to the obscurity of innocence. The difficulty is, that romance scarcely ever presents the consummately vile in a garb purely *despicable*. Its heroes are either

angels or demons. The latter are represented as so sagacious in their schemes, or so daring in achievement, that the imagination of the reader is as often dazzled and pleased as otherwise. Who is ignorant of the fact that villainy almost always contrives to borrow some redeeming shade from the pen of fiction?

This is not mere theory. Let the history of crimes be consulted, and it will be found that novels have, in some instances, provoked the commission of offenses the most flagrant, and have rendered their perpetrators philosophically calm under the disgrace of detection and the terrors of execution.

Only a few days since I held in my hand authentic notices of two such cases. It is for this reason (the same principle being involved) that the conservators of good morals are solicitous for the suppression of public executions, and are convinced that sketches of the crimes, the prison conversations, and the death scenes of capital felons are detrimental to the morals of society.

It has been urged that "the influence of novels must be favorable to virtue, because they rouse our sensibilities, and provoke tears." What an error! Does virtue depend on the flow of our sympathies, without regard to the objects which excite them? An experiment may enable you to judge. If you are a Christian, the first time you find yourself weeping over a novel, (if that should ever happen,) go with the tears not yet dry upon your cheek, and see how these sympathies will serve your purpose at the altar of God. The trial may lead you to suspect that the tears of the novel reader are offerings to idols.

Lastly, some would vindicate this sort of reading, "because their well sustained characters display the power of genius; and because they abound in the ornaments of style, and exhibit our language in its utmost perfection." That some novels are well written, so far as diction is concerned, has been granted. And they afford illustrations of human passion. To deny this would betray incompetency to appreciate such productions as the "Vicar of Wakefield," and Johnson's "Rasselas." But it is a mistake to assume that novels exhibit our language in its utmost perfection. No models of the English tongue excel, in purity and elegance, those which may be selected from the works of many serious writers. Certain portions of the writings of Robert Hall and W. E. Channing contain as many faultless beauties as can be found in any compositions. But if not, shall we, for the mere charms of diction, expose ourselves to the baneful effects of novel reading? If we were sure to escape unharmed, can we innocently encourage what will prove a snare to others, and has inflicted almost incurable wounds upon society? But we cannot escape. We may flatter ourselves that *our* minds can pursue a pernicious train of thought clothed in language exquisitely beautiful, and presenting all the attractions of skillfully wrought fiction, and by some precautions, avoid the infection of those fairy regions which we are resolved to explore. But it is impossible. They who feast on poison dishes, must suffer the fatal consequences.

Original.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

"Her might is gentleness."—SCHILLER.

THERE is a beautiful adaption (perhaps too little observed) of the requirements of the Divine law to the circumstances of our existence. When obedience to parents is inculcated, who does not discover its propriety, from the long continued dependence of the offspring, as well as from the disorder that most necessarily follow a violation of this sacred precept? The same remark will apply with equal force to all the other ordinances and commands which the great Ruler has been pleased to enjoin upon the subjects of his government. The invariable harmony between the divine perfections in nature, and the discoveries of God's character and attributes, in the inspired records, should silence for ever the cavilings of honest scepticism, and convince all who will not obstinately close their ears against the voice of truth, that the framer of the universe is the author of the Bible.

These reflections were caused by a conversation with a good sister, who suggested that our excellent pastor, in view of St. Paul's instructions, 1 Timothy ii, 12, "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence," did wrong in calling upon certain mothers in Israel to pray in the public congregations; and gave it as her opinion, that women were out of their proper sphere when thus participating in any of our religious exercises. I presume few will agree with our sister, when the apostle *instructs* "women to pray with their heads covered," and when we are informed that "Philip's four daughters prophesied (i. e., taught) at Cesarea."

But there are those who venture upon the opposite extreme. If I mistake not, some respectable religious societies extend to the females of their congregations the same rights, or rather impose on them the same duties of voting in elections for pastors, officers, &c., as belong to the other sex. With the regulations adopted by other bodies of Christians we are, however, not disposed to intermeddle.

But to the objections of certain infidels, who are displeased alike with the usages of Christians and the instructions of the Bible, it may not be amiss to answer, that religion has placed woman in the very position, and surrounded her by the very circumstances for which she seems by *nature* to have been designed. Those who would lead their mothers and daughters to the polls, and conduct their wives and sisters to political gatherings, must certainly be ignorant of the potency of that sceptre which these objects of their affection sway over the destinies of our race, and cannot be aware of the loss of influence they must sustain in occupying so improper a station. There is a degree of sanctity thrown around the female character that makes the very name of woman a kind of spell, to bring the blushes of shame to the cheek of the profligate. Her presence, as the rising sun dispels the mists of the morning, banishes that vulgarity and

profaneness which too often disgrace the conversation of fashionable *gentlemen*. And when we find that in those countries on which the Sun of righteousness has never yet risen, woman is a slave, or at most the mere play-thing of a leisure hour, it must be apparent to the most superficial observer, that an adherence to those principles which have elevated and dignified her character in Christian lands, is calculated to secure for her that respect which the best interests of society demand. But let her disregard the injunctions of the apostles, and cast off the restraints of religion—let her endeavor to substitute the frowns of power for the smiles of gentleness—the iron fetters of authority for the silken cords of love, and the order of nature is inverted—her glory is departed. In declining to mingle with the mob, or direct the popular assembly—

“————— to guide the car of war,

To rule the state, or thunder at the bar”—

woman acquires a sovereignty more absolute than that possessed by the conquering hero, or the sceptred monarch. "By a right divine," the will of the mother is the supreme law of the little community over which she presides; and her own character becomes not only the model on which theirs is formed, but is the standard by which they measure the pleasing or objectionable traits of others, as long as life endures.

When the youth charmed by the voice of fame, or allured by the hope of wealth, forsakes the parental roof, he often gazes upon a world that seems all selfishness, and mourns the loss of a mother's disinterested attentions, and a fond sister's care. At last his eye is attracted by one, in whose person, to his ardent fancy, is united all that is amiable or lovely; and the brightest day-dreams of his boyish hours seem more than realized, until, as is the case with all terrestrial bliss, a few years suffice to snatch from his embraces the idol of his heart. The strength of manhood gives place to the feebleness of age; the world begins to wear a sallow hue; objects once delightful are now viewed with indifference or disgust; and to the peevishness too often attendant upon gray hairs, every thing is changed, save some favorite child, on whom is fixed *all* his love—the companions of his earlier days having bid adieu to the scenes of mortality. To him, she has an airy step, a faultless form, and a beaming eye—no hand so soft as hers, to bathe his burning brow—no melody like the tones of her voice, to lull him to repose. Thus, from infancy to manhood, from the cradle to the grave, over the enthusiasm of youth, as well as the sternness of age, woman exerts an almost unbounded influence. By the youthful viewed with a kind of reverence which nothing on earth besides can inspire, and by the aged loved with an affection that borders upon idolatry, she necessarily becomes either an enchanting companion on the road to perdition, or a minister of mercy to direct and lead to realms of unfading felicity. Beauty, accomplishments, and wit, may conspire to attract admiration, and command esteem; but it is when piety throws its charm around nature's loveliness, that the philosopher and the Chris-

tian are constrained to acknowledge with the poet, that we are

"Allied to angels on our better side."

Religion is woman's best protector, and should be her inseparable companion. The righteousness of Christ is her fairest ornament, and she should never lay it aside. The precepts of the Savior should dwell upon her lips in the social circle; and whether amid the giddy crowd, or the worshipping assembly, her actions and her words ought ever to make known the excellences of the heavenly system. A weighty responsibility rests upon her—a responsibility that cannot be avoided. Her example and her exertions must tell, not only upon the events of time, but on the interests of eternity. Such is the influence with which the daughters of Christendom are invested, and such their privileges under the mild reign of the Prince of peace. Then let them remember the degradation of their suffering sisters beyond the pale of Christendom, and be active to promote the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, until the Gospel, which to them has been emphatically "glad tidings of great joy," shall rear its banner, and diffuse its bliss wherever woman mourns or mortals breathe.

D. W.



Original.

SCENE IN A SCHOOL-ROOM.

BY REV. M. P. GADDIS.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good," Ecclesiastes xi, 6.

IN the latter part of the winter of 1837, in the pleasant and flourishing village of F—, I enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing a revival of religion in the female seminary lately established in that place. It was principally through the instrumentality of an indefatigable and pious preceptress. At an early hour on the morning of the 14th of February, while busily engaged in the performance of pastoral visitations, a messenger came in great haste to inform me that I was requested by the Principal to visit the school immediately. For a moment I hesitated, not being able to determine whether to go then, or defer it until I had performed my visits. The arrival of a second messenger, who informed me that there was an *unusual religious excitement* among the pupils, enabled me to decide. On entering the school-room, I was astonished at the scene that presented itself before me. Almost all eyes were suffused in tears, and sadness overspread every countenance. The preceptress, who was of another denomination, received us affectionately; and so soon as we were seated, and she could speak, she with much emotion informed me, that at the request of the school, she had sent for me to instruct them more fully "what they must do to be saved." "This morning," continued she, "after read-

ing the usual morning Scripture lesson, I felt it deeply impressed upon my mind that before the commencement of the forenoon recitations, I ought to address the young ladies on the great importance 'of seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;' for as the close of the session draws near, and the time of our separation is at hand, I feel interested in nothing so much as the salvation of their souls; and I fondly hope that when the toils of life are ended, I may be associated with them in the heavenly world. This, sir," said she, "under God, has produced the excited state of feeling which you now witness." She resumed her seat, bathed in tears. But blessed be God, the seed had fallen in good ground. "A word in season" how good it is! Her exhortation came not in word only, but also in power.

Such were the impressions made on the minds of the young ladies present, that none were able to proceed with their morning recitations, though several attempts were made. The Spirit of God seemed to be at work in every heart. Half suppressed sighs and penitential sobs now filled the room, and were enough to melt the most obdurate heart. We knelt at the shrine of mercy, and mingled our tears and prayers together; after which many of the young ladies arose in different parts of the school-room, and related what had been the exercises of their minds for sometime previous, and closed by expressing a resolution to give themselves up to the service of God in the morning of life. This produced a still deeper impression, and caused a more general excitement.

By request, we again united in singing and prayer for the "broken in heart." We then endeavored, in few words, to explain the new birth, to urge its *necessity*, and point out the *manner* of seeking it, by faith in the Lord Jesus—urging that "whosoever cometh unto him he will in no wise cast out." While I spake, it was a time of weeping, and I believe of merciful visitation to many a heart. The whole forenoon was spent in singing and prayer, and in directing them to the blood of the "Lamb slain," as the mourner's only plea and as the only source of power to cleanse the soul from "crimes of deepest dye."

"Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries."

Many, I have no doubt, on that morning found peace in believing. This will appear more fully to the reader from a few precious sentences written in their memorandum books on the afternoon of the said day, copies of which were politely furnished me by the teacher, and which I still retain in my possession. From them I make the following brief extracts:—

"I have learned this day, by happy experience, that it is well for us to remember our Creator in the days of our youth.

H. N. A."

"I have learned to-day, by happy experience, that those who obtain an interest in Christ can rejoice with exceeding great joy.

M. A. B."

"I have learned this day that the Lord is good to them who will seek him early.

E. V."

"I have learned to-day, by happy experience, that nothing but religion will fit us for the kingdom of God.

"J. L. W."

"I have learned this day how important it is for us to

— tell to sinners round,

What a dear Savior I have found;

and how God loves those who approach him in prayer, in the morning as well as in the evening.

"A. O."

Here in the mouth of two or three, yea, of more than *twenty witnesses*, this blessed truth is established, viz., "Those that seek me early shall find me." Is not this the best learning—the most useful knowledge—the richest treasure? All else is dross compared to this. "Wisdom is the principal thing. Exalt her and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honor when thou dost embrace her; she shall give to thine head an ornament of grace; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee; she is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor." Many, by happy experience, have learned that the fear of the Lord is wisdom; that to love God is felicity, and to keep his commandments eternal life.

For several days in succession, I continued to visit the school; and before the end of the next session most of them were made the subjects of God's converting grace, and were enrolled among his children.

Does not this little narrative afford strong ground of encouragement to pious young ladies engaged as teachers in our common schools and female seminaries?

Permit me to say to all such, there is a wide and interesting field before you—enter without delay upon its moral and religious cultivation. There is no time to be lost. Remember sin is of a luxuriant growth.

"If good we plant not,
Vice will fill its place."

It is admitted that the morning of life is the most proper period for making not only scientific but moral and religious attainments. Therefore, "in the morning," regardless of the sneers of an infidel world, "sow thy seed"—sow it with a liberal hand—"and in the evening," although wearied with the toils of the day, "withhold not thy hand." "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt gather it after many days." Bring as many as you can into the "school of Christ," and by unwearied diligence, disciple them—

"Teach them all the happy art
Of loving God with all the heart."

"He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Here is God's own promise that cannot fail, to encourage you to prosecute this *labor of love*. Remember your responsibility is great. You are every day making impressions lasting as eternity. Your sufficiency is of God. His grace alone can enable you to sow the seed with success, and water it with prayer. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "Be instant in season and

out of season;" "for thou knowest not which shall prosper." "Weary not in well doing; for you shall reap, if you faint not."

I know this is a subject that will not be appreciated by the gay and thoughtless reader. But to the pious I appeal with hope of success. And if what I have said should be the means of doing good to any of your fair readers, I shall have attained my highest ambition in hastily sketching for the *Ladies' Repository* this brief reminiscence.

I close by expressing the hope that the *Ladies' Repository*, which is to yield its fruit every month, may, like St. John's Apocalyptic tree of life, be for the healing of the nations, and may promote such scenes in our seminaries and among the children and youth of the land, as has been depicted on this page. May it, in the language of its prospectus, be adapted to the literary, moral, and religious culture of the female mind—blending the "useful with the sweet," the instructive with the entertaining—addressing its admonitions to the lowly and the opulent—to the sister, the daughter, the wife and the mother—urging on all, the motives to duty, and persuasives to charity and beneficence! May it be indeed a monitor to the young, an entertaining remembrancer to the circles of the drawing-room, and an aid to the devotions of the closet and the sanctuary! May it cause the wilderness and solitary places to be glad, and fertilize God's universal heritage!

Original.

MY LIFE.

My life is like the troubl'd sea,
When breakers roar, and surges swell;
Or as the calm monotony
Of scenes within the hermit's cell—
Some moments these—then swiftly past
As clouds upon a summer's sky,
Or hurricane's tremendous blast,
Or shrilly lap-wing's boding cry.
Again, 'tis sweet as the zephyr's breath,
Fraught with fragrance of the roses;
And as the swan's last note of death,
As quietly its evening closes.
'Tis as bright as the star beam's light,
That rests upon some quiet vale;
Or when night's queen, in her silv'ry sheen,
Turns all their glim'ring brightness pale.
But as the quick flash lightning free
Calls forth the tempest's thundering roar,
So does the blaze of memory
Stir up the scenes so calm before.

MARY.

"A LITTLE pomp, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the great and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave!"

Original.
ZOOLOGY.

BY PROFESSOR MERRICK.

"We cannot," says Roget, "take even a cursory survey of the host of living beings profusely spread over every portion of the globe, without a feeling of profound astonishment at the inconceivable variety of forms and constructions to which animation has been imparted by creative power. What can be more calculated to excite our wonder than the diversity exhibited among insects, all of which, amidst endless modifications of shape, preserve their conformity to one general plan of construction? The number of distinct species of insects already known and described cannot be estimated at less than 100,000; and every day is adding to the catalogue. Of the comparatively large animals which live on land, how splendid is the field of observation which lies open to the naturalists! What variety is conspicuous in the tribes of quadrupeds and of reptiles; and what endless diversity exists in their habits, pursuits, and characters! How extensive is the study of birds alone; and how ingeniously, if we may so express it, has nature interwoven in their construction every possible variation compatible with an adherence to the same general model of design, and the same ultimate reference to the capacity for motion through the light element of air! What profusion of being is displayed in the wide expanse of the ocean, through which are scattered such various and such unknown multitudes of animals! Of fishes alone, the varieties, as to conformation and endowments, are endless. Still more curious and anomalous, both in their external forms, and their internal economy, are the numerous orders of being that occupy the lower divisions of the animal scale; some swimming in countless myriads near the surface; some dwelling in the inaccessible depths of the ocean; some attached to shells, or other solid structures, the productions of their own bodies, and which, in process of time, form, by their accumulation, enormous submarine mountains, rising often from unfathomable depths to the surface. What sublime views of the magnificence of creation have been disclosed by the microscope in the world of infinite minuteness, peopled by countless multitudes of atomic beings which animate almost every fluid in nature! Of these a vast variety of species has been discovered, each animalcule being provided with appropriate organs, endowed with spontaneous powers of motion, and giving unequivocal signs of individual vitality. The recent observations of Professor Ehrenberg have brought to light the existence of *monads*, which are not longer than the 24,000th of an inch, and which are so thickly crowded in the fluid as to leave intervals not greater than their own diameter. Hence, he has made the computation, that each cubic line, which is nearly the bulk of a single drop, contains 500,000,000 of these monads!

"Thus, if we review every region of the globe, from the scorching sands of the equator to the icy realms of the poles, or from the lofty mountain summits to the

abysses of the deep—if we penetrate into the shades of the forest, or into the caverns or secret recesses of the earth; nay, if we take up the minutest portion of stagnant water, we still meet with life in some new form, yet ever adapted to the circumstances of its situation. Wherever life can be sustained, we find life produced. It would almost seem as if nature had been thus lavish and sportive in her productions, with the intent to demonstrate to man the fertility of her resources, and the inexhaustible fund from which she has so prodigally drawn forth the means requisite for the maintenance of all these diversified combinations, for their repetition in endless perpetuity, and for their subordination to one harmonious scheme of general good.

"The vegetable world is no less prolific in wonders than the animal. In this, as in all other parts of creation, ample scope is found for the exercise of the reasoning faculties; and at the same time abundant sources are supplied of intellectual enjoyment. To discriminate the different characters of plants, amidst the infinite diversity of shape, of color, and of structure, which they offer to our observation, is the laborious, yet fascinating occupation of the botanist. Here, also, we are lost in admiration at the never-ending variety of forms successively displayed to view in the innumerable species which compose the kingdom of nature, and at the energy of that vegetative power, which, amidst such great differences of situation, sustains the modified life of each individual plant, and which continues its species in endless perpetuity. Whenever circumstances are compatible with vegetable existence, we there find plants arise. It is well known that, in all places where vegetation has been established, the germs are so intermingled with the soil, that whenever the earth is turned up, even from considerable depths, and exposed to the air, plants are soon observed to spring, as if they had been recently sown, in consequence of the germination of seeds which had remained latent and inactive during the lapse of perhaps many centuries. Islands formed by coral reefs, which have risen above the level of the sea, become in a short time covered with verdure. From the materials of most sterile rock, and even from the yet recent cinders and lava of the volcano, nature prepares the way for vegetable existence. The slightest crevice or inequality is sufficient to arrest the invisible germs that are always floating in the air, and affords the means of sustenance to diminutive races of lichens and mosses. These soon overspread the surface, and are followed, in the course of a few years, by successive tribes of plants, of gradually increasing size and strength, till at length the island, or other favored spot, is converted into a natural and luxuriant garden, of which the productions rising from grasses to shrubs and trees, present all the varieties of the fertile meadow, the tangled thicket, and the widely-spreading forest. Even in the desert plains of the torrid zone, the eye of the traveler is refreshed by the appearance of a few hardy plants, which find sufficient materials for their growth in these arid regions; and in the realms of perpetual snow, which surround the poles, the navigator

is occasionally startled at the prospect of fields of a scarlet hue, the result of a wide expanse of microscopic vegetation."

The above eloquent extract I have introduced principally for the purpose of showing the necessity of some systematic arrangement, in order to a successful study of nature. One who should attempt this study without a system, would be able to make, with the most diligent application, but little progress. He would soon become confused with the multiplicity of facts which would crowd upon his attention, and would be driven back to go over again the ground previously investigated. And the wisdom and goodness of the Creator are strikingly exhibited in the fact, that he has so constituted us that we naturally classify the objects of our knowledge. This is seen in many of the common affairs of life. It is done by the merchant in the arrangement of his goods. In making out his inventory, he does not throw together in one medley mass his dry-goods, groceries, crockery, and hardware. It is done by the farmer. His wheat, corn, and potatoes are not all emptied into the same bin. The same is done by the housewife in adjusting the articles of her wardrobe and pantry, her furniture and culinary apparatus. Without some classification, every thing would be disorder and confusion. But all practice this more or less. "Let us suppose ourselves standing on the bank of a navigable river—we behold the flowing of its waters, the cliffs that overhang it, the trees that line its shore, the boats and boatmen on its bosom, the flocks and herds that press down to drink from its waves. With such a scene before us, it is to be expected that the mind will rapidly make each and all of these the subjects of its contemplation; nor does it pursue this contemplation and inquiry far without perceiving certain relations of agreement or difference. Certain objects before it are felt to be essentially different; and hence they are not all arranged in one class, but a discrimination is made, and different classes are formed. The flocks and herds are formed into their respective classes. The tall and leafy bodies on the river's bank, although they differ from each other in some respects, are yet found to agree in so many others, that they are arranged together in another class, and called by the general name of *tree*. The living, moving, and reasoning beings that propel the boats on its waters, form another class, and are called *man*. And there is the same process, and the same result in respect to all the other bodies coming within the range of our observation."

Some attempts at a systematic arrangement of natural objects were made in early times; but we are indebted to Linnaeus for the first comprehensive classification. He reduced them all into three great divisions, which he called the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. These kingdoms he divided into classes, orders, genera, species and varieties. A plurality of species constitute a genus, a variety of genera an order, and several orders a class. His classification, somewhat modified, has been adopted by most modern naturalists. As I shall commence with the animal kingdom, I will

here introduce the classification of animals, as given by Brown, in the "Zoologist's Text-Book."

All animals are characterized by sensation and motion. They are separated into four great divisions: I. VERTEBRATED animals; II. MOLLUSCOUS animals; III. ARTICULATED animals; IV. RADIATED animals. The foundation of these divisions rests on the organization of the various animals, as they exist in nature. Animals of the first division are characterized by having a spine, or back-bone. Those of the second are destitute of a skeleton. Those of the third order have their trunk divided into lungs. The animals, comprehended in the fourth division, differ widely in form, but agree in having all their members disposed around an axis in two or more rays. Below I will give a tabular view of the animal kingdom, with examples of animals belonging to each division.

I. VERTEBRATE ANIMALS.

CLASS FIRST.—*Mammalia*, or Animals which suckle their young.

ORDER.

- I. Bimana—Man.
- II. Quadrumana—Monkey, Ape.
- III. Carnassiers—Bat, Vampire.
- IV. Ferae—Bear, Dog, Lion, Seal.
- V. Marsupialia—Opossum, Kangaroo.
- VI. Rodentia—Beaver, Rat, Squirrel.
- VII. Edentata—Sloth, Armadillo.
- VIII. Pachydermata—Elephant, Hog, Horse.
- IX. Ruminantia—Camel, Ox, Deer, Sheep.
- X. Cetacea—Dolphin, Whale.

CLASS SECOND.—*Aves*, or Birds.

ORDER.

- I. Rapaces—Vulture, Eagle, Owl.
- II. Omnivorous Birds—Raven, Crow, Magpie.
- III. Insectivorous Birds—Thrush, Black-bird, Robin.
- IV. Granivorous Birds—Lark, Bunting, Crossbill.
- V. Zygodactylous Birds—Cuckoo, Wood-pecker.
- VI. Anisodactyli—Creeper, Humming-bird.
- VII. Alcyones—Bee-eater, King-fisher.
- VIII. Chelidones—Chimney-swallow, Martin.
- IX. Columbæ—Dove, Pigeon.
- X. Gallinæ—Domestic Cock, Pheasant, Turkey.
- XI. Alectroides—Trumpeter, Screamer.
- XII. Cursores—Ostrich, Cassowary.
- XIII. Grallatores—Plover, Crane, Ibis.
- XIV. Pinnatipedes—Coot, Crested, Grebe.
- XV. Palmipedes—Gull, Swan, Goose, Auk.
- XVI. Inertes—Apteryx, Dodo.

CLASS THIRD.—*Reptila*, or Reptiles.

ORDER.

- I. Chelonia—Tortoise, Turtle.
- II. Sauria—Crocodile, Lizard.
- III. Ophidia—Serpents, Viper.
- IV. Batrachia—Frog, Salamander.

CLASS FOURTH.—*Pisces*, or Fishes.

ORDER.

- I. Cyclostomi—Lesser Lamprey, Hag.
- II. Selachii—Shark, Saw-fish, Torpedo.
- III. Sturiones—Sturgeon, Spatularia.
- IV. Plectognathi, Sun-fish, Horned Trunk-fish.
- V. Sophobranchii—Pipe-fish, Pegasus.
- VI. Malacopterygii Abdominales—Salmon, Flying-fish, Gar.
- VII. " Subrachiati—Fluke, Sucker.
- VIII. " Apodes—Congor Eel, Electrical Eel.
- IX. Acanthopterygii—Perch, Mackerel, Sword-fish.

II. INVERTEBRAL ANIMALS.

CLASS FIRST.—*Molusca*, Animals destitute of a skeleton.

ORDER.

- I. Heteropoda—Fragile Carinaria.
- II. Cephalopoda—Cuttle-fish, Nautilus.

III. Trachelipoda—Cyprea, Triton, Turbo.

IV. Gasteropoda—Slug, Snail, Limpet.

V. Peteropoda—Cleodora, Hyalæa.

CLASS SECOND.—*Conchifera*.

ORDER.

I. Monamyaria—Oyster, Muscle.

II. Dimyaria—Anodonta, Unio.

CLASS THIRD.—*Cirripeda*.

ORDER.

I. Pedunculata—Scalpellum.

II. Sessilia—Coromila.

III. ARTICULATA.

CLASS FOURTH.—*Annelides*.

Three Orders—Earth-worm, Hair-worm.

CLASS FIFTH.—*Crustacea*.

Nine Orders—Crab, Lobster, Wood-louse.

CLASS SIXTH.—*Arachnides*.

Two Orders—Spider, Scorpion, Mite.

CLASS SEVENTH.—*Myreapoda*.

Two Orders—Gally-worm, Scolopendra.

CLASS EIGHTH.—*Insecta*, or *Insects*.

Eleven Orders—Butterfly, House-fly, Wasp, Ant.

IV. RADIATA.

CLASS NINTH.—*Echinodermata*—Sea Urchin, Red Star-fish.

CLASS TENTH.—*Tunicata*.

Two Orders.

CLASS ELEVENTH.—*Entozoa*.

Two Orders—Thread-worm, Tape-worm.

CLASS TWELFTH.—*Acalepha*.

CLASS THIRTEENTH.—*Polypi*.

Five Orders—Sponge, Hydra, Coral.

CLASS FOURTEENTH.—*Infusoria*.

Two Orders.

In filling out this rather dry looking skeleton, I am in hopes to furnish something a little more interesting for the readers of the Repository. It is not my design to give a scientific description of the different species of animals, but rather the natural history of some of the most important. I shall commence with the animals lowest in the scale.

Original.

SOLITUDE.

"O, knew he but his happiness—of men
The happiest he! who far from public rage
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life."

THERE is a pleasure in solitude. Some may be surprised at the assertion. We do not suppose that man, created solely for happiness, and every faculty of his soul impelling him towards it, should withdraw entirely from the world, and seclude himself within the walls of a monastery, or in the dreary cave or lonely cell. The hermit who seeks refuge in forests, and takes up his abode in the solitary hut, mistakes the end of his being. He forgets that he is a social as well as a moral being; that he has duties to perform towards the rest of his species which can only be discharged in the walks of social life. This word is only to be understood, then, to be disarmed of its terrors. "Solitude," says a celebrated writer, "is that intellectual state in which the mind voluntarily surrenders itself to its own reflections. The philosopher, therefore, who withdraws his attention from every external object to the contemplation of his own ideas, is not less solitary

than he who abandons society, and resigns himself entirely to the calm enjoyments of the rural life." "The word solitude," continues the same writer, "does not necessarily import a total retreat from the world and its concerns. * * * A person may be solitary without being alone." He who retires within the sanctuary of his own breast for meditation, and communion with his God, is in solitude, though surrounded by thousands. A man, then, may be in solitude in the midst of company.

But we have duties which we owe to ourselves that can only be discharged in retirement. And here is a delight afforded that cannot be found in any other walk of life. In our silent retreats, we may lift our eyes, and behold nature in all her beauty, "untouched by the hand of art," and full of the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator. If we gaze upon the firmament, we behold his glory portrayed in every star. Wherever we turn our eyes, whether it be on the beautiful landscape or fruitful field, on the extended lawn or fertile valley, we see order and harmony stamped upon all. Whether we contemplate the lofty mountain, or the extended plain, the mighty ocean, rolling in majesty before us, or the little rill gurgling from the gorges of the hill, we see his power and goodness. In contemplations like these, we may look into our own hearts, and humble ourselves before Him who said to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

How frequently do we find instances of the inspired writers withdrawing, as it were, into some sequestered spot, in the stillness of the night, and resigning themselves to silent meditation! Is it not probable that David wrote the 8th Psalm in one of those retreats, "as one who meditates at even-tide?" While he beheld the moon "walking in her brightness," he broke out from the fullness of his heart, into the natural exultation, "When I consider thy heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" And again, in the 139th Psalm, in contemplating the omniscience and omnipresence of the Deity, he exclaims in the sixth verse, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. * * * If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

PHILANTUS.

CHARITY.

FULL of mercy, full of love,
Look upon us from above;
Thou, who taught'st the blind man's night
To entertain a double light—
O let thy love our pattern be!
Let thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Original.

VOYAGE UP THE CATTEGAT.

BY REV. A. M. LORRAINE.

ONE of the most interesting voyages I ever made was up the North Sea. As it was in the days of the "Rambouillet decree," our ship joined a fleet of merchantmen of about seventy sail, under the convoy of a large English sloop-of-war, and a government vessel of inferior metal. When the weather is fine, with a tolerable breeze and smooth sea, there can be no scene more pleasant than a fleet under convoy. It always brings to the mind the idea of a hen with her numerous brood. The fleet was made up of vessels of different nations, order and speed. Ships, brigs, schooners, sloops and galiots composed the motley mixture. So various were they in respect to speed especially, that while some were leisurely careering along under close-reefed topsails, and sometimes one of them aback, others were groaning under a crowd of sail, top-g'an sails, studding sails, and all the canvass that they could show. Sometimes they seemed to lay almost gunwales under, and yet appeared to be stationary on the waves. Ours was a first rate Virginia merchantman, and her speed had tried many a British frigate, in the time of the Chesapeake commotion. Consequently, we walked amongst them at our pleasure; and backing and filling through the fleet, we enjoyed the luxury of conversing freely with persons from almost every part of the world. This was vastly pleasant. We had heretofore made long and lonesome voyages across the Atlantic, and we enjoyed but seldom the felicity of speaking a ship at sea. Under such circumstances, the cheering cry of "Sail ho! sail ho!" springs a flash of joy in every bosom, from the captain to the cabin-boy. The strange sail appears at first like a dark speck in the distant horizon. Indeed, on account of the rotundity of the globe, it is only the lofty sails that are seen in the first instance; but as the vessels near each other, we raise their hull. Presently we pass, and if there is a stiff breeze, although they may shorten sail some, we hardly have time to exchange the usual compliments, "Whence came you? whither are you bound?" before the hoarse voice of the trumpet falls in unintelligible murmurs on the whistling winds, and we part. Presently we see her hovering like a dark bird in our wake. We look again, and she is gone. We rush on to our respective destinies; but with renewed impressions of the shortness of the voyage of life, and the rapid flight of time. The Bible student almost involuntarily exclaims with Job, "*They pass away like the fast sailing ships.*" But on the North Sea, we found ourselves in the midst of a floating fugitive city, and the solitude of ocean seemed to be driven away. One night, we were suddenly alarmed by a torrent of blue flame, pouring over the stern of a distant barque. This was the signal of an enemy close aboard. It was at this particular time that the analogy between the fleet and a brood of chickens struck most forcibly. Immediately the man-of-war made signal lights for us to consolidate. The vessels

in advance hove to, or shortend sail; while those which were laboring astern, and had been straining a perpetual race from the beginning, crowded more. We soon huddled together like frightened chickens, while the sloop-of-war wheeling round, as an angry hen would do to face the hawk, left us in charge of her consort, and crowded all sail in chase of the privateer.

And while we are thus hove to, permit me to tell a story about an American merchantman that was taken at this time. The enemy proved to be a Danish privateer. She hastily threw a prize master and crew on board, and ordered them into the first port. The Americans were not confined, and as they had open intercourse with each other, the captain formed a plan to retake the vessel. He told his men to be always ready; that he would embrace the most favorable opportunity; and that the signal or watch-word should be, "*The ship's our own.*" Hours after hours rolled by, and no good opportunity seemed to present itself. At last the destined port hove in view. The ship was rapidly nearing the harbor. Orders were given to overhaul the cable and clear the anchor. The American ensign was hoisted under their national flag. The captive captain bit his lips. He cast a feverish glance around. He saw his heart of oak at their stations, and their indignant sky-lights fastened upon him. He could stand no more, but bellowed out in a voice that echoed from stem to taffarel, "*THE SHIP'S OUR OWN.*" Some of the Danes having an imperfect knowledge of the English, understood him to say, "*The ship's aground,*" and they reiterated in their own tongue, "*The ship's aground—the ship's aground.*" These were luckless words; for every Dane ran to look over the sides, to see if the ship's way was stopped. The Americans had meditated a bloody rescue, and had stationed a hand at the carpenter's chest below, to supply them with deadly tools. Not that they had any particular spite against their foreign shipmates; but they were harrowed up by the thoughts of a Danish prison. But when they saw them standing so convenient to the blue water, they concluded to give them the most honorable quietus that a conquered sailor could ask for; so they tipped them over the sides, and gave them a launch, as they expressed it into "*Davy Jone's locker.*" A strong and active American brought the man at the helm a kind of lee-lurch and weather-roll, and sent him sprawling into the scuppers, drily observing, that as the ship had changed her papers, and it was necessary to relieve the helm, he believed he would take the first trick at the wheel. As he said this, he cocked his eye up to the mizen-peak, where the national flags were taking a sunset extraordinary. Meantime the captain spread himself as large as life on the quarter deck, and once more cried out with an untrammelled tongue, "*Hard-a-lee there, Fore-sheet, fore-top-boline, jib and stay sail sheets let go!*" The saucy Eliza sprung at once into the wind's eye; and in the next moment was heard, "*Main top-sail haul! Board tacks and gather aft.*" And as they slued their spanker to the shore, the astonished natives, who had crowded the wharf to see the prize enter,

beheld the bright stars and broad stripes of the American republic, floating over the humble bunting of Denmark. You may well suppose that the crew was not slow in obeying the command to muster aft and give three cheers, and then to break loose in their hearty manner, and sing,

"Stretch her off, my brave boys!
For it never shall be said,
That the sons of America
Were ever yet afraid.

Stretch her off, my brave boys."

The best of all is, we have no list of the killed and wounded, for this singular manœuvre took place almost in the mouth of the harbor, and it was undoubtedly a bloodless victory. The discharged crew of course took to their flippers; and their active countrymen on shore would hardly let them perish. But the Eliza left them diving and floundering about like a Dutch galiot in the bay of Biscay.

In returning to the fleet, we would observe, how often do we realize through life, the folly of trusting in chariots or horses, or even ships, however strong they may be. While we on board the Sheffield were felicitating ourselves on our advantages, both in regard to labor and safety—because the easy sail we carried was not too much for an ordinary gale, and while others were continually making or taking in sail, we had but little to do—a storm came on, when we discovered that an unforeseen evil was preparing to devour us. The ballast which we had taken in, and which seemed to be sufficiently solid, proved to be a species of quicksand. The pumps became choked, and the bilge water, diffusing itself through the ballast, liquified the whole mass, and the shifting boards were not sufficient for this exigence. The ship could stand on neither tack without capsizing. The hatches could not be safely moved with the heavy sea that was going. The scene, as viewed from the between-decks, by the light of our candles, was truly appalling. The ballast rolled in terrific waves, fore and aft, and we had in the hold a fearful miniature of the storm that was raging without. Our captain was entirely unmanned—he wept like a child; and as I stooped down by his side to hold the lamp, more than once or twice I heard the half smothered prayer, "Lord have mercy upon us." We hoisted a signal of distress, when our noble convoy bore down, and threw several boat loads of hardy sailors on board. With much labor we succeeded in establishing shifting boards, and in securing the ballast, so as to go on with some degree of safety. However, this gale dissolved all our social compacts, and the fleet was scattered to congregate no more.

In a few days we were standing in for Norway. The prospect on approaching this coast was most sublime. We do not say it was the most pleasing ever witnessed. The most enchanting scene we ever beheld of the kind, was on a previous voyage, while making the coast of Holland. Hearing on that occasion, the cheering cry of "Land ho!" I sprung from below, and looking over the weather bow, saw numerous stacks of chimneys, steeples and spires, rising apparently out of the sea, while the morning sun was playing upon them with his

dazzling beams. All on board seemed to be perfectly entranced. It appeared to exceed all of witchcraft lore or fairy scenery that had ever been told. "What have we here?" exclaimed I. "A Dutch village," said one. "But where is the land?" "In the watch below; and never a needle-full will you see for an hour to come." And so it was. Presently we raised the roofs of the houses, then the windows, and last of all, a dark pencil line, as it were, disclosing the bank or levee, which protects the coast from the sea, and the whole country from inundation. On entering the river, we found that it was protected by a similar levee. All the meadows and pastures were separated by verdant banks of like construction; and to one aloft, the whole face of the country wore the appearance of a vast honey-comb. The contrast between this and the coast of Norway was very striking. Here nature presented herself in her most rugged sublimity. Lofty mountains, frightful cliffs and flinty promontories stretched along the coast. We had a good pilot on board—but to be standing full on this iron-bound country, with all sail set, and not a bay, inlet, sand-bank, or river's mouth, to indicate a harbor at hand, was truly terrific. Still she sailed on, and sailed on; and every knot she ran seemed to render the prospect more and more horrible. At last a narrow passage around a ragged needle, that stood out of the sea, began to discover itself. We entered in, but it appeared to terminate against a perpendicular cliff, not far ahead, where it seemed we must of necessity come to the end of our rope. But just before we reached the frightful point, another passage presented, and another; and so we glided, as it were, among the enormous fragments of a ruined coast, until at last we shot into a tranquil basin entirely shut in from the sea. The water here was smooth as a mirror, and clear and blue as the waves of the midway ocean. Even our very royal masts were protected from the storms that idly raved without; and in front of our anchorage stood the beautiful and romantic village of Christiansand. Were we writing the history of our travels in full, we would love to dwell on this Norwegian scenery. But we have brought our readers into this part merely to relate a circumstance which overshadowed our whole crew with mourning.

After the ship had taken in a cargo of lumber, and was prepared to depart on the next morning, it was the turn of one part of the crew to have a night's liberty on shore. When the evening came, the fore-castle was lighted up; and there was a general overhauling of chests, in search of some favorite articles of dress, long toys, &c. An unusual glee pervaded the ship's company. There was a man on board named Charles. He was a Polander by birth. He was a man of more dignified bearing than generally falls to the lot of sailors, and according to his own account, had held some important office in the army. He spoke English badly, but was so full of hilarity and good humor, that he was a universal favorite. He was moreover, the handsomest man on board; which, by the by, he might have been without being a prodigy, for we were a hard favored collection of weather dogs. This last mentioned quality

was no let or hindrance to his popularity on board, as sailors think that beauty may do well enough for soldiers or barbers' clerks. Charles had worn an uncommonly gloomy appearance all this afternoon; and while the joke, the laugh, the repartee were going their usual rounds in the fore peak, a settled cloud rested on his brow. I have wished often since, that I had taken him aside, and asked him seriously what was resting on his mind; for I have a curiosity to the present day to know whether some awful presentiment was gnawing on his spirits, or whether he was meditating some dark deed, unworthy of his general character. At last he made a powerful effort to shake off his reverie, and began to prepare for the shore. All things being adjusted, the company lightly tripped over the main deck, and passing out at the starboard gangway, entered into a flat, which had been used in bringing off our stores. There were no oars kept in her, as one good shove would generally send her to the wharf. Charles was the last who entered in. Some one cried out, "Give her a good headway, Charley." He took a very heavy set. The scow shot like an arrow; but poor Charley being either unable or unwilling (God knows) to recover himself, fell with a tremendous plunge. The men in the flat, receding from him, and having no means of coming to his rescue, could only cry out with might and main, "*Man overboard!*" The alarming cry rang from ship to ship, from shore to shore, in all the babbling languages of the harbor, "*Man overboard! man overboard!*" This, with the darkness of the night, the plunging into boats, the rattling of oars, the bursting forth of lights on the water and the land, formed a scene awfully terrific. At the onset of the alarm, those of us who were on board searched diligently all around the ship for the pinnace, but no boat could we see; yet when he had sunk to rise no more alive, we found the boat fastened to the larboard gangway, with all her oars in. Our general belief in that day was, that "our eyes were blinded that we could not perceive." And many a fearful talk about that pinnace did we have at sea, under the lee of the long-boat. Nearly all night was spent in raking for the body, but to no purpose. A deep gloom fell on all the crew. The next morning, with heavy hearts, we manned the windlass and got under way. After we arrived in England, we received a friendly letter, stating that the body of poor Charles was found on the day we sailed, and was buried with all the nautical honors that the port could afford.

Original.

DEATH.

'Tis thine to fade the rose on beauty's cheek,
Calm the lone heart of sorrow, and release
The soul that struggles to be free; 'tis thine
To conquer all,—yet on thy dark career,
A moment pause—read thine own destiny.
Thou shalt *thyself* expire, to live no more,
And countless millions from thy dark abodes
Start up to life and immortality.

Original.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CULTURE.

BY REV. F. W. SEHON.

THAT the present is an age of improvement is a sentiment which has been uttered and reiterated so often, that from its triteness we fail to realize the profit to which the pursuit of the theme might lead us.

In all that pertains to the improvement of mind or matter, this truth speaks forcibly in the facts which are everywhere spread before us. If every thing that is new were a real acquisition to the happiness of our race, and promoted the great objects of our being, then we would have nothing to do but admire, approve and enjoy. But unfortunately such is not the fact. While the fair tree of knowledge offers us her inviting fruit, wooing our approach, and courting our taste, there is much of evil as well as good, which lies before us. To pluck and eat indiscriminately would, but in too many instances, be injurious and fatal.

Is there, then, no antidote—no remedy, by which, while we choose the good, the evil may be left? We answer, there is. In a "moral and religious education," having the word of God for its foundation, we find this antidote. This education should commence with the first lessons of life, that every advancement in knowledge may be an advancement in virtue. To this early moral and religious training, the Bible everywhere claims our attention; and those who profess to believe and receive that book should implicitly follow its commands. Here first impressions stamp the character for future life. Here the passions are molded and the habits formed, which for weal or woe, in time and eternity, will cling to their possessor. The necessity of thus commencing with the budding of life this course of instruction, has been forcibly taught by the wisest of men in the direction, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" while one of the great minds of the heathen world, unenlightened by Divine revelation, has observed, that he resolved "the whole business of legislation into the bringing up of youth."

We are happy to believe that in this country we are waking up to the importance of this fact. A desire for a more extended, yea, a universal system of education, moral and religious in its character, seems now to be pervading the community. Hence our excellent system of common school instruction in this and in sister states, with open-handed charity, offers its blessings alike to all. And it is pleasing to know that the Bible in all these schools is becoming one of the chief books of instruction. While dwelling with honest pride and exultation upon the liberty and advantages of our country, let us ever remember that the perpetuity of our free institutions depends upon the virtue and intelligence of the people, and that these lessons should be promptly, early, and universally commenced. Indeed, ignorance itself might be preferable to any system of instruction in which the Bible is excluded, and the moral and religious duties of life overlooked and forgotten.

The priests, or clergy, from this conviction, have been more or less, in every age of the world, identified with the cause of education; and in this country at least, in every attempt thus far to support education, when there have been any efforts to suppress religious instruction, defeat has been the invariable consequence; and in one instance particularly, the students unanimously protested against such regulations, and demanded as their right the union of science and religion in their instruction. Our common and Sabbath schools lay the broad and deep foundations of this religious and moral training, and upon it should all our schools and academies of a higher grade build, and carry out these principles, so happily commenced, in every department of instruction within their course. The correct appreciation of the duties of life, a thirst for the attainment and application of all that science offers for the happiness of man and the glory of God, will then be created.

The pulpit should lend its sanction, and the press utter its voice, for the accomplishment of these desirable results. Every effort upon the part of the press to advance this end by correcting and elevating the taste of the reading community, should be hailed with pleasure. Indeed, when the press speaks after this manner, whether in her multitude of books, various periodicals, or papers, we see at once the effect. The sickly sentimentalist—the avaricious lover of fiction will immediately turn away, because of a diseased appetite, but the good and virtuous will universally support and approve.

Thus, Mr. Editor, should your periodical be welcomed, as a powerful auxiliary in the important work of which we have been speaking. That a generous, enlightened and virtuous community may thus welcome and sustain you, is our most sincere wish and ardent prayer.



THE COCKATRICE.

CALMET inclines to the opinion that this reptile is the naja, or *cobra di capello*, of the Portuguese. From the mention made of the cockatrice in Scripture—especially by Isaiah—we must infer that it is exceedingly venomous. The naja, it is said, contains the most fatal poison. Moreover, it is far from inspiring fear or dread in the beholder, being admired rather for the glitter of its scales and the splendor of its colors. It is of a yellow or ash color, according to its age and the season of the year. On its neck are curved, whitish lines, in the form of spectacles. These lines are bordered with a deep red. The eyes are lively and full of fire. It can erect its scales, which in the sun-light reflect the hues of glittering gold. It is generally three or four feet in length, but has been seen seven or eight feet. It springs at its victim like the rattlesnake. Its bite is very dangerous, and without hasty antidotes, fatal. In some oriental countries, especially on the coast of Malabar, the naja is an object of worship. Some writers have compared the hood of the naja (a membranous excrescence, which it can expand at pleasure) to wings, and suppose it to be the flying serpent.

MARY OF BETHANY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY REV. WM. NAST.

MARY'S deed was misunderstood by the disciples, but acknowledged by the Lord as an acceptable act of faith, originating in an irrepressible desire to show her Master how much her soul had received from him. She wished to manifest this in anointing his head and feet—a symbol of deep adoration, pure devotion and joyful homage.

As Mary's deed, so will every one of our performances meet with the fullest approbation of the Lord, if it springs from that loving, grateful faith—that new life, imparted to us by Christ, which cannot be inactive towards him, to whom it owes the origin and preservation of its existence. Even the smallest of those acts of living faith is a streaming forth of Divine life, and is on that account, like Mary's deed, great in the eyes of Christ, whilst the world may call it contemptible, and our own heart feels little in the performance. But from this that so much importance is attached to our smallest works, we may learn the lesson, that we can only then fulfill our Christian calling, if all our deeds are works of faith, and are performed by us with cheerfulness.

Mary's deed was the expression of her faith, which the Lord had wrought in her, which was her "good part," which in a painful trial had thrown off every impure ingredient, and become holy and humble. When in the wisdom of God, her brother was snatched from her by death, grief overpowered her at first, and showed her how weak, how desponding her heart was. But she fled in confidence to the Master, who had given life to her soul, and he led her by his life-giving, wonder-working power, safely out of her grief and desponding care through faith to faith. Then saw she him, who had given her the brother, and the new, pure life in God, enter again into the family circle, and her heart, overflowing with gratitude, impelled her to show him what he was to her, and so to reveal all the noble feelings which he had imparted. A token should express what words were unable to express.

Looking upon this token of her devoted love without feeling, we would say with the disciples, "To what purpose is this waste? of what use is such an expensive homage to the Lord, who came to minister, not to be ministered to! This unnecessary expense, springing from an inconsiderate, momentary feeling, would have been applied to more useful purposes by a reflecting mind." But the Lord gives a different testimony respecting Mary's deed; he sees in it an acknowledgment of his Divine dignity. She anointed her King, her heavenly Friend, who had blessed her as the world cannot bless. As his subject, she surrenders her all to him. With the ointment, she pours out before him her whole life—that life created by him, and returning in the ecstasy of gratitude, to its holy author. The Lord sees with joy the fruit of his love ripening in the soul; she rewards him just before his bitter sufferings with the last tear of delight, her thankful love accompanied him to his hated enemies. Verily, wheresoever this

Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her." Her deed is still a sweet smelling odor in the house of the Lord, in the hearts of his people, and shows us the pure pattern or a new-born soul, which cannot be happy, which cannot live without proving to the master her faith by acts of love.

Who is not attracted by a soul happy in the love of the Lord, although despised by the world?—who is not affected by her love, which found out so quickly, so surely, what was right! But with *our* emotions of love and admiration is mixed a sense of shame; we are not cheerful in our performances, as Mary was. We entered with courage and resolution into the sphere of active life; conscious of a good will, we hoped to overcome easily every obstacle, to withstand undaunted every foe, we felt even before the contest, already as if we were conquerors. But when we expected thank-offerings for our labors, we saw them coldly and thanklessly accepted as duties which we owed; nay, it was thought we did not even half enough. And if our deeds happen to come in contact with the sloth and indifference of our fellow men, our good was spoken of as evil. We were injured by envy—we were opposed by those whom we had approached to do works of love to them and with them. Often had we not the means to execute our kindest designs; we wanted to relieve, but we were so poor; we wanted to assist, defend and correct, but we were so weak. When we see within us, we find as much cause of our bad success in our own heart as around us. We must accuse ourselves of deaf precipitation and blind error, where a deliberate mind and calm heart would easily have led us to the goal. Over is now our cheerful activity; the world makes us bitter; our own heart desponds, and we call a morose distrust, caution; an inactive irresolution, wise deliberation; and what we have commenced with vigor and buoyancy of spirit, we leave half done with a reluctant mind. O thou crippled heart, how deformed art thou, by self-inflicted wounds! Thy works cannot make thee happy—they are works of unbelief; thou didst not seek the Lord's, but thine own glory; and if thou didst not seek the applause of the world, thou soughtest in false humility the praise of thy own self, and didst not find it. This has made thee bitter, therefore hast thou become weary and shorn of strength toward thyself and the world. Thou must confess to have had hours in which thy cowardly dejection smothered every blessed act of faith with the words, "to what purpose is this waste?"

Nevertheless, we believe the Lord, and doubt not that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that seek him; we let again our empty vessel of faith down into the deep of the heart, that it may be filled with the warm feeling of the mercy of Jesus, with the blissful, holy sense of his presence. Alas! the vessel fluctuates and loses its contents, the empty bucket of our dead faith is again suspended in the airy regions of the understanding and memory; our faith lies dead in the head; the heart has no part in it, unless it becomes

living in deeds. Prayer is idleness, if it does not impel us to act—sorrow and grief slavish punishment, if it does not drive our hearts to the Lord—all searching and thinking, respecting God and his revelation, a sinking in confusion and scepticism, if we do not long after works of believing love. Christ lies buried in our hearts, if we do not freely and cheerfully bring on the stage of life what he has intrusted us with. God himself were a dead notion, if he did not always work all in all. With the deed of pitying love God came to us in his Son, and we can only come to him with the deeds of believing love. All our knowledge and prayer, acquirements and feelings, desires and hopes, are only means to the highest, which faith possesses, to its active life. Only to him whose faith is active, is the promised rest sweet, death placid, and awakening in eternity blissful, calling him to new and holier deeds. Our faith must not only unite itself with our innate propensity to activity, but it must heighten this instinct; for what else is faith but the passing of the love of God through our heart, by which we are compelled to give freely what we have received from his inexhaustible fullness, to work by his Spirit, with his love, for his cause, for his followers, to win the children of the world for his kingdom. Every other work, because it is not the work of faith in Christ, is sin to the Christian.

When we, by self-knowledge, by salutary trials, like Mary, have learnt that every blessing comes only from Jesus, he then fills us, as he did her, with the communion of his life, and points us to a continuing performance of holy works of faith toward man; "for," says he, "ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will, ye may do them good." To the poor he has come, to the poor he points his followers. Poor is every one who is needy. Whosoever needs your help, even if he were the mightiest, is poor before you; you should help him without expecting a reward, just as if you would help a poor man. Whatsoever you do in this manner to the brethren, is a work of your faith; for you do it from love, which is the substance of faith. You return by your activity your new life to him who communicated it to you; for what you do for his followers, the least as well as the greatest, you have done unto him. You have therefore, him who needs not your help, always with you, because you have always poor and needy ones with you—he is always in the poor, and wills that we should help them for his sake. For when he said to his disciples, "Me ye have not always," he spoke only of his bodily presence—spiritually he is with us to the end of the world.

But we find ourselves, notwithstanding our burning zeal to show our faith by acts, so circumscribed, our strength so feeble, our means so small. How can one, whose whole time is often bound to the most insignificant occupation, perform constantly works of faith! In the eyes of God, little things are great. He cares for the worm in the dust as much as for the stars in the firmament. The Word, the true God and eternal life, humbled himself for our sakes, and became the man

Jesus. He took upon himself the form of a servant, was made in the likeness of men, and found in fashion as a man. Connected with the sublimest miracles of Christ were all those small, every day services, which man renders to man; and Christ showed as great a love in the latter as in the former. By this sympathy for our smallest performances, he has exalted the lowliest act, if it is only performed by love and faith. The least act of faith he values as much as Mary's deed. The smallest act of love is a stone in the building of the Church of Christ; and the great Architect knows well how to fit every stone in its right place, though its existence may be unobserved in the grandeur and perfect symmetry of the whole.

The spirit of the Lord is a spirit of fellowship between all who have received him, in order that every one may contribute his part to the whole. And although we can give but mites all the days of our lives, we perform, nevertheless, the greatest acts, if we only "mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate"—even a drink of water, which we offer in believing love, shall not be forgotten by the Lord. A holy work of faith, the essential mark of every member of the Church of Christ, shall be to us the least service of friendship, every, even the most common occupation, the whole circle of our domestic life and public calling, with all their ten thousand little duties and considerations. Every day asketh of us nothing but love and faithfulness. No friendly, consoling look, no pious or kind word, no officious step, no tear and no hearty press of the hand shall be in vain, but guilt is every, even the smallest, intermission of active love.

No gainsaying shall disturb us, no mistake embarrass us, no weakness of body and soul shall make us despond. Christ is building his temple, and sees in us faithful laborers, if we in love and humility suffer that to grow which he has planted—if we seek the peaceful consciousness that we will nothing but what he wills. Yes, let us do what we can, as Mary did—and Mary did much—she affected with her humble act the hearts of many thousand Christians, who strove to imitate her love; so that she stands now no more despised and alone among the cold-hearted. As the Lord touched our heart through the instrumentality of Mary, so let us be up and doing in the acceptable day of our salvation, that we may excite others, and that the holy excitement of Christianity may increase and spread more and more to the glory of Him who worketh both to will and to do!

Original.

As the poor sailor, toss'd upon the wave,
Beholds the beacon fire blaze from afar;
And while beneath there yawns a wat'ry grave,
Takes heart, and steers his laboring vessel there—
So faith gives sight to that immortal shore,
Which glitters bright beyond life's stormy way,
And safe conducts the weary spirit o'er,
To the bless'd haven of eternal day.

Vol. I.—7

Original.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God," Psalm xiv, 1.

COME hither, thou whose heart hath said
"There is no God." Look overhead,
Where 'neath the Holy Spirit's wings,
Are strewn ten thousand gorgeous things;
Look on the laughing earth below,
Where mountains rise and rivers flow,
And hear from countless voices there,
What nature's wondrous works declare.

SUN, thou orb of quenchless flame,
Declare your Maker's glorious name!
"My Maker's name! This have I done
E'er since the tide of time begun,
Where'er my flame beams are thrown,
Like sparks of gold, from zone to zone.
Behold me in my chariot high,
Thus proudly rushing through the sky,
And say, does not my orb of flame
Declare my Maker's glorious name!"

STARS, ye twinkling gems of night,
Proclaim your Maker's wondrous might!
"Our Maker's might! This have we sung
Ever since our lucid spheres were hung,
By his almighty hand alone,
To blaze beneath his viewless throne.
Beholds us as we shine on high,
In countless numbers through the sky,
And say, do not our spheres of light
Proclaim our Maker's wondrous might!"

EARTH, mother of the tree and rill,
Proclaim your Maker's matchless skill!
"My Maker's skill! This was the strain
That rolled from mountain, hill and plain,
When first Jehovah's strong decree
Said of the earth, 'Let, let it be!
Behold my mountains, vales and springs,
And all my bright and glorious things.
And say, do not their voices still
Proclaim my Master's matchless skill!"

Thus, UNBELIEVER, thou may'st hear
Ten thousand voices, far and near,
From sun, and moon, and twinkling star,
And blazing meteor wandering far—
From mountain, hill and stream, and vale,
From rock and tree, from breeze and gale,
And smallest flower that decks the sod,
Crying aloud, "BEHOLD YOUR GOD!"

E. H. H.

"WHAT though the floods so near thee roll,
Thy sky grow darker still—
Trust in the Lord; he keeps thy soul,
And storms obey his will."

Original.

SUBSTANCE

OF A REPORT ON "FEMALE EDUCATION," PRESENTED TO THE
"COLLEGE OF TEACHERS," IN CINCINNATI, OCT., 1840.

BY JOS. M'D. MATTHEWS,

Principal of "Oakland Female Seminary," Hillsborough, O.

THE committee on "A Course of Study for Females," in presenting their report, would discuss the following propositions: 1st. Girls are as capable as boys of acquiring every thing usually comprehended in a liberal education. 2d. Parents ought to give their sons and daughters substantially the same education.

The aptitude of females to acquire languages is undoubted. Miss Elizabeth Smith, before she was twenty-seven years old, and principally by her own exertions, had acquired a correct knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and other languages.*

Elizabeth Carter was educated by her father, who made no distinction between her and her brothers. Though so slow at first that he almost despaired of her advancement, she afterwards made rapid progress in the learned languages, to which she added French, Italian, German and Spanish—the last three by her own exertions. She published a number of literary works, and among them a translation of Epictetus, in praise of which the literary journals at home and abroad were filled. Dr. Johnson thought so highly of her learning as to say, when speaking of an eminent scholar, that he understood Greek better than any one whom he had ever known, except Elizabeth Carter.† Miss H. More says of her and E. Smith, "that she knew them both, and that they both possessed such profound and various learning as would have been distinguished in a university.‡

Madam Dacier and her husband were both eminent among the classical scholars of the seventeenth century. They were employed, among others, to comment on and edit a series of ancient authors for the Dauphin, which forms the collection, "Ad usum Delphini." Madam Dacier's commentaries are considered as superior to those of her husband. She translated the Iliad and Odyssey, with a preface and notes, and a number of other works.§

Miss Hannah More understood thoroughly the Spanish, French, and Latin languages. This list might be greatly extended; but, in a word, the success of almost every female who ever attempted to learn a language different from her native tongue, is proof of the aptitude of the female mind for such studies.

There are many cases, also, in which females have succeeded in mathematical studies. When Miss H. More's father began to instruct her in the Latin language and mathematics, her advance was so rapid, that he was frightened at his own success. The study of mathematics was not pursued, but she often said, that the little taste of them she had acquired, was of sensi-

ble advantage to her through the whole course of her intellectual progress.*

Mrs. Somerville made great proficiency in mathematical studies, and wrote on astronomy one of the best works extant.† Turner, in speaking of some of her researches in chemistry, calls her "the elegant and accomplished Mrs. Somerville."

Miss Caroline Herschel must have had a considerable amount of mathematical knowledge, as she assisted her father and brother in astronomical observations, and discovered two of the satellites of the planet Herschel.

In any female school, a large proportion of the pupils will readily understand arithmetic and geometry; and if they can understand these, they might understand any branch of mathematics. If some have no taste or capacity for such studies, such is also the case among boys. How many young men pass through college, and receive a diploma, without understanding any one subject in the course! The same diversity of talent prevails in both sexes. Some have a genius for mathematics, others for languages; and while it is admitted that the particular inclination should, in some measure, be gratified, yet, in order to have a well balanced mind some attention should also be paid to other subjects. "Our sex," says Miss Coxe, "is little accustomed to pursue close reasoning, and to concentrate the attention on any one subject—habits very desirable to be acquired, since they assist in giving ballast to the mind, and discipline and prepare it for future trials. For this purpose the study of works, which exercise the reasoning faculties, is very profitable to young females, as is also the study of arithmetic, and the more simple branches of mathematics."‡

In applying to difficult studies, females labor under many disadvantages. In the first place, their minds are diverted from books, by too early an introduction into society; and to prepare them for such an introduction, too much attention is paid to mere accomplishments, and more important studies are neglected. Their reading, too, is apt to be of a light, unsubstantial character, feeding the fancy, and interesting the feelings, but affording no mental discipline, no food for the intellectual faculties. A very general impression also prevails, that female intellect is inferior to that of the other sex—that they cannot acquire, and do not need much learning. This has a much more pernicious effect than might at first view be supposed. A young lady, for instance, finds some difficulty in understanding vulgar or decimal fractions, and is soon discouraged, because she thinks, "girls cannot understand arithmetic." Now if she supposed that girls could and must learn arithmetic, she would not abandon it so easily, and a few more efforts would be crowned with success. Every teacher of females has no doubt remarked, that when some have succeeded in a particular study, it inspires others with greater confidence, and they more easily succeed in the same subject.

* Young Lady's Companion. † Penny Cyclopaedia. ‡ Young Lady's Companion. § Penny Cyclopaedia.

* See her life. † Edinburgh Review. ‡ Young Lady's Companion, p. 89.

Dr. Adam Clarke relates of himself, that when he commenced learning Latin, he was accounted a very dull boy. He could not keep up with his class—they laughed at him for a dunce. This he could not bear. He shed tears of bitter mortification, and resolved that he *would* learn it. From that moment, he says his intellect seemed to acquire fresh vigor. He soon caught up with the class, and went before them, and finally became one of the most eminent scholars of his age.

Let girls be sent to school under the impression that they are expected to learn whatever their brothers learn, and if they do not keep up with them we are greatly mistaken. Another important reason why girls find more difficulty than boys in arithmetic, is, that they are less accustomed, from infancy, to business transactions and calculations. Boys know how to calculate before they go to school—girls have it all to learn afterwards.

The capacity of females for intellectual improvement is further proved from their desire to know—their curiosity, which, though often sadly misdirected, was nevertheless bestowed for wise purposes, and can only be properly gratified in the acquisition of useful knowledge. The facility, too, with which they communicate what they know, would only render learning more valuable in their possession. If we add to this the actual acquirements of the females of our country, under the greatest disadvantages, we cannot suppose them deficient in capacity. Even in the plainest classes of society, they possess a large fund of good sense and practical knowledge. Where opportunities of intercourse and refinement are greater, they *pick up* a great deal of information, and converse sensibly and agreeably on subjects of which they have learned nothing at school. When a man struggles through such disadvantages, and rises to eminence, he is called a self-made man, and the world look on him as a prodigy. But there are hundreds of ladies, all over the country, self-made, and more intelligent than many of these “lords of creation,” who seem to despise them, or at least who do not appreciate them. From all these facts, we think we fairly conclude that females possess intellect, and that they are capable of acquiring a liberal education.

The second inquiry is, ought such an education to be given them? It is said that Dr. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was led to the discovery by observing that in the veins there were valves; which would permit the blood to pass in one direction, but would prevent its return. He thought there must be design in the arrangement, because the valves would not have been put there without some use. He therefore concluded that the blood was carried to the extremities of the system by one set of vessels, and returned by another, which was confirmed by the great discovery of its circulation.

We would, in a similar manner, argue, that the possession of capacity is proof that it should be cultivated; for the great Author of being bestows no gift without an object and an aim.” Curiosity was certainly given for a better purpose than prying into all private concerns of the neighborhood. Facility of communication

had a nobler object than retailing private scandal, or discussing the merits of ribbons and laces.

Does woman look abroad upon the heavens, and behold the glories of the firmament? Does she desire to understand the solar system, and the motions of the heavenly bodies? Does she behold the mysterious changes continually going on in the great laboratory of nature? Does she contemplate the curious mechanism of the human body, the wonderful structure of the eye or ear? Does she desire to understand the laws of vision, the propagation of sounds, the phenomena of electricity? Has God given her capacity for the investigation of these subjects? Who, then, will forbid her? Do I hear one saying, “God has placed woman in a subordinate relation, and she must not acquire too much knowledge lest she should rule her husband?”

Such an objection might have passed in the dark ages, when ignorance was supposed to be the mother of devotion, but it will not do for the nineteenth century. There is no part of the works of God to which we can turn our attention, from the smallest insect up to the immortal mind of man, that does not exhibit the skill, and wisdom, and goodness of God. And think you there is any thing in the study of chemistry, or physiology, or astronomy, that will harden the heart against the dictates of the Bible? Surely not. “An undevout astronomer is mad.” Every particle of knowledge a woman acquires will enable her to understand her duty better; and if the moral faculties have been cultivated as well as the intellectual, she will be more disposed to perform it. To assume that a woman of a cultivated mind would not be disposed to obey the commands of the Bible, would be to suppose that the commands are wrong; or if the commands are right and proper, would she not perceive it as readily as yourself?

But do I not hear another objector saying that “the rough and difficult studies of boys would destroy the peculiar charms of the female character by rendering it rough and masculine?” Surely such an objector has forgotten the tendency of all natural cultivation. Addison’s beautiful illustration, drawn from a rough block of marble polished by the statuary, aptly illustrates the influence of education on man or woman. The effect of all kinds of knowledge is to polish, not to roughen. Education not only enlightens the intellect, but refines the whole soul. If boys are rough in mind or manners, it is not education, but the want of it which makes them so.

Another objects, that extensive education is *unnecessary* for females. Their duties in life, it is said, require but little knowledge, and it is a waste of time and money to educate them. Why then, we would ask, has their Maker given them intellectual capacity, if it is not proper to cultivate it? Does he give two talents when he intends that only one shall be improved? We deny, however, that woman can properly perform her duties without education. All admit that female influence is very great. If the female community be vicious and ignorant, all their influence is exerted to do evil. If they be religious, or even moral, they will

exert a good influence; but if, to their piety, intelligence be added, their influence is greatly increased. "Knowledge is power," and superior knowledge will have its weight among females as well as males.

Miss Hannah More is said to have done more to produce a healthy state of morals in Great Britain, particularly among the higher classes, than any individual in it, which, of course, she never could have done, if she had been destitute of education. Though few could be useful to a similar extent, yet every educated female might do much good. Woman's influence commences, too, at the very dawn of life. She watches the first openings of intellect, and impresses her own image on the infant mind. The character of the son or daughter is formed by the mother. Where was there ever an eminent man whose mother was not remarkable? The mother of John Wesley was an excellent classical scholar, and a woman of very extensive information. Her good sense and sound judgment were such, that she retained an influence over her eminent son as long as she lived. Dr. Dwight says of his mother, that she taught him all the geography and history he ever knew, before he was twelve years of age. Under her direction he had, before that age, read *Rolin* and *Hume*, and other standard works. Such mothers retain their influence over their children much longer than is possible for others.

In this view of the subject, the education of females is even more important than that of the other sex. If every female in the whole land could be well educated, the next generation would exhibit a very different aspect from the present. Such mothers could not fail to infuse into the hearts of their children the love of learning, and many a star of genius would rise to bless the world. Religion and morals, intelligence and happiness would increase among future generations. The dark waters of iniquity would be rolled away until "righteousness would cover the earth as the waters cover the deep."

The value of education is not to be estimated in dollars and cents. But even in this view, we believe it is the best inheritance a parent can leave his children. It may be a means of support when all others fail. It is a species of capital which cannot be wasted. There have been many instances of females reduced from affluence to poverty, whose education has been a means of support. But aside from this view of the subject, we believe that the God who made man rational and intelligent, intended that he should be educated. Males and females, having similar capacities, should be similarly educated. It is a source of pleasure to woman as well as man, and the gratification will more than repay the toil.

"There is a positive pleasure," says Lord Brougham, "in scientific researches, wholly independent of any regard to the advantages derived from their application to the aid of man in his physical necessities. The ascertaining, by demonstration, any of the great truths of mathematics, or proving, by experiment, any of the important properties of matter, would, give a real and

solid pleasure, even were it certain that no practical use could be made of one or the other. The pleasure derived from ascertaining that the pressure of the air and the creation of a vacuum, alike cause the rise of the mercury in the barometer, and give the power to flies of walking on the ceiling of a room, is wholly independent of any practical use obtained from the discovery. Thus, again, it is one of the most sublime truths in science, and the contemplation of which, as a mere contemplation, affords the greatest pleasure, that the power which makes a stone fall to the ground, keeps the planets in their course, molds the huge masses of those heavenly bodies into their appointed forms, and reduces to perfect order all the irregularities of the system; so that a handful of sand, which for an instant ruffles the surface of the lake, acts by the same law which governs, through myriads of ages, the mighty system composed of myriads of worlds. This pleasure is increased as often as we find that any scientific discovery is susceptible of practicable application. The contemplation of this adaptation is pleasing, independent of any regard to our own individual advantage, and even though we may desire never to be in a condition to reap benefit from it. We sympathize, perhaps, with those who may be so unfortunate as to require the aid afforded by such applications to relieve and assuage pain; but the mere knowledge that such a corollary follows from the discovery of the scientific truth, is pleasing. Of course the gratification is increased, if we know that individually we shall profit by it, and we may perhaps always, more or less, contemplate this possibility; but this is a pleasure, properly speaking, of a different kind from that which science, as such, bestows."*

Whether, therefore, we consider education as a means of influence or of support, or as a source of pleasure, what good reason can be given why females should be deprived of its advantages?

It is impossible, within the limits of this report, to say much in detail about the different branches that should be studied, and the order in which they should be taken up. The elementary branches should be thoroughly understood. It is better to learn well whatever may be attempted, than to obtain a superficial knowledge of many things. The mind would be more strengthened and improved by a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, geography, and grammar, than by a smattering of all the sciences. The different tastes and capacities of children should, of course, be consulted. Some, for instance, would rapidly acquire a knowledge of music—others might thump the piano for a life time, and still know nothing about it. It is cruel thus to compel a child to learn that for which she has no taste or capacity. The time, moreover, is worse than wasted for nothing is learned, and the mind is injured by the drudgery of applying to a disagreeable object. Such subjects, and such parts of subjects, as are most interesting, should be first presented. Geography and his-

* See Lord Brougham's "Discourse of Natural Theology."

tory may be acquired at a very early age, and all children are fond of them. If the larger histories, and the biography of eminent persons in different ages of the world, were put into their hands, with maps to look for the places, they would learn geography and history simultaneously, and be all the time delighted. Then natural philosophy, astronomy, and chemistry, if illustrated by experiments, with appropriate apparatus, would interest the most inactive mind. Natural history, too, and botany, and physiology, and geology, would present new wonders to the expanding intellect. Then, if circumstances permit, and inclination favor, political economy, mental and moral philosophy, rhetoric, and the evidences of Christianity, will give exercise to the faculties of the more matured and disciplined mind. The lower branches of mathematics, and the languages, ancient and modern, might, if practicable, be mingled with the whole course. Such accomplishments as drawing, painting, and music, should not be forgotten.

It is very desirable that some course of study should be devised, sufficiently fascinating to prevent the reading of novels and romances. Much time is wasted by young females in reading these very pleasing, but very useless productions. Those who become addicted to reading them acquire a disrelish for all other things. The sublime truths of astronomy, the interesting facts of chemistry, physiology, and history, are all disgusting to the palate of such literary dyspeptics. Like children fed on sugar-plums and sweet-meats, they have no relish for substantial and wholesome food. Such a result is greatly to be deplored, especially in the education of females. If any part of God's creatures should have a sound mental and moral constitution, it should be woman, destined, as she is, to watch the first dawns of intellect, and to give the first lessons in education. She molds the young heart, and directs the first impulses of the moral feelings. How necessary, then, that her heart should be pure, and that her mind should be thoroughly furnished for her important work! How do we degrade her by supposing that a few frivolous accomplishments, and a little light reading, are all that she needs!

Finally, female education should be pre-eminently religious. The Bible should be a text-book in every part of the course. In studying the works of nature, she should be led "through nature up to nature's God." It is only thus she can be qualified for her very responsible duties to society, and in the various relations in which she may be placed. It is only thus that she can become a blessing and not a curse to the world. With mere intellectual cultivation and literary acquirements, she might, like Madame de Stael, be admired and applauded for great and splendid talents, but exercise no salutary influence on the morals of those around her. But if in addition to mental improvement, the heart be right with God, she may, like Hannah More, be a blessing to her country and to the world.

To those who may be desirous of investigating this subject more particularly, we would recommend Miss

H. More's "Strictures on Female Education," Dick on the "Moral Illumination of Mankind," and the "Young Lady's Companion." The last is a work by Miss Margaret Coxe, of Ohio, and is valuable, both on account of the excellent remarks on the studies appropriate for females, and the spirit of piety that pervades the whole work. It is written in an attractive style, discusses, with a good degree of talent and discrimination, the various topics connected with female education, furnishes important hints on the subject of woman's behavior, and is an excellent guide to a safe and happy course of life. It is "seasoned with salt, and will minister grace" to the reader. It should, in our opinion, be placed in the hands of every young lady in the land.

Original.

THE LAMENT.*

Addressed to a lady who asked, "Have you written any poetry since you came on the boat?"

Ah, no! the muse disdains this place—
She never strays where I sojourn;
I mourn the hidings of her face,
And fear she will no more return.

She loves to dwell 'mid fields and flowers,
And rove among the forest trees;
Or sit in some vine-covered bower,
And listen to the sighing breeze.

Oft times she seeks the mountain's brow,
Or summit of some verdant hill,
To list unto the murmur low,
Of some remote, meandering rill.

Yet woman's voice can break the spell,
And bid me strike the harp so free,
And bid its flowing numbers swell,
In tones of sweetest minstrelsy.

And beauty's power can move my heart,
And bid me sing my sweetest lays—
All other thoughts it bids depart,
Or stay and list to beauty's praise.

My heart is sad—too sad to sing
The song of wild and harmless mirth;
For sorrow, with its serpent sting,
Embitters all the joys of earth.

Of sorrow's cup I still must drink,
Although but in life's early bloom;
I fain would pass away, and sink
Unknown into an early tomb.

WILLIAM BAXTER,
Steamboat Montezuma.

* The author of these lines is in his extreme youth, and was employed, until recently, on one of our steamboats. He has been at school since his recollection, about six months. This and some beautiful lines on Miss Landon, in our next number, will awaken a deep interest in his behalf.

Original.

LONELINESS.

How often while passing through this "vale of tears," does a sense of loneliness come over the heart! And even in the whirl of society, surrounded by the friends we love, and faces we have long known, does the tired spirit turn away, and yearn for some brighter goal than earthly joy.

A well known poet has said, that communion with nature in her wildest mood is not solitude, but to mingle in the cold and heartless crowd is, at best, another name for loneliness. And well hath he said, for much knowledge of this world will cause bitterness of feeling, and a heart-sickening conviction, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." How few do we meet in the course of our brief pilgrimage below, in whom we can trust with an *unshaken* confidence. Is there not *almost* always a vague, undefinable fear that they to whom you are pouring out the deepest, most sacred thoughts, will, from some cause or other, betray that trust? Those who have never known, who have never *felt* betrayal, will scarcely understand me when I say, it is the *loneliness of wounded feeling*. I have found some bright exceptions in friendship's list, but experience hath taught me, "All is not gold that glitters."

But a loneliness cometh over the heart, when far from home, with all its pure and joyous associations, we wander in a stranger land, and miss those sweet tones of love which were wont to greet us every hour. We may listen to the melody of song in its gushing flow, and own that in music there is magic power, but the voice of the minstrel is strange, and we turn away with a longing wish for "that song of the olden time," &c. O, it is sweeter far to hear the simplest touch from the hand of one we love, than all the enchantment of a Handel or Mozart, by those whose voices chime not with thoughts of home. We may wander from the scenes of our childhood; we may cull the fairest flowers in poesy's wreath; may become the idol of an admiring throng; yet even in the most triumphant moment the voice of memory will recall those hallowed images of home, and love and joy, and whisper that in splendor and admiration there is loneliness which they have no power to dispel. I have sometimes thought that it would be sweet to have *my* name enrolled among the "brighter stars" in the galaxy of genius; but with the thought hath ever been mingled a chilling conviction that such a fate, though bright and glorious, must ever be purchased with the sacrifice of most sacred feeling, for fame like this can only be won in contact with a cold and selfish world, and knowledge, thus inevitably acquired, *will* tinge with its own bitterness that fountain of pure, fresh feeling, so beautiful in early youth. There are but few of my readers who do not know that the season of life is filled up with more of sorrow than of joy; and they who never have cause to weep, are far more fit for an unsullied Eden, than a world where clouds are ever stealing over the sun, and if they do not entirely obscure his beams, shade them enough to make their brightness seem "like a remembered dream." The certainty that decay is written on

the dearest and best of earth; that the brightest wreath which genius may snatch from the temple of fame, is too often worn to hide the *rankling thorn* in the breast of him the world calleth *great*, is cause indeed to make the soul in its *loneliness*, desire to mingle in a more deathless scene. There *are* joys, and bright sunny moments in life, but even while we think them our own, the blight of a *justly deserved curse* comes in its withering power, and they melt away like the soldier's dream of happiness, leaving us to mourn "that the trail of the serpent is over them all." O, it is when blessings are thus torn away; when the past is nought but a painful memory of wasted hours and disappointed hopes, and all the future a dreary wilderness, that the *loneliness of desolation* bids us seek for refuge in Him, who is mighty to save.

And is there loneliness in the Christian's hope? Ah no—it *brightens in possession*, and is ever pointing him to a home where the weary rest. Who that has stood beside the corpse of one whom in life they had loved, has not realized that in death there is loneliness indescribable? It is the same form—those are the same features on which we have so often gazed with fondest affection; but ah! the hand of the spoiler hath closed the sparkling eye in a dreamless slumber, and the lips no more move to greet us with their accustomed welcome. All is cold and still, and lonely will be the feelings of the survivor, when thoughts of the dreary tomb in which the "moldering dust" of that loved one is soon to be laid, come over the soul. The tomb is a *desolate home*; who can think of it without a strange shrinking back, and awe, such as no other thoughts will cause? And is there no light to cheer this sad abode? Must our buried friends lie there for ever in its silence and gloom? O, is there no hope that will point beyond the grave, and say in the words of truth, "They shall rise again!" Mourner, listen to a voice from that tomb, in reviving mercy, saying, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were *dead*, yet shall he *live*." Look at the "narrow house," so cold, so dark, so frightful before; and in the halo of light which Jesus' death hath shed around it, learn,

"That sinners may die, for the *sinless* hath died!"

Thank God, there is no loneliness in heaven!

PHILENIA.

—•••••

THE SHEKINAH.

THIS word is sometimes introduced into the pulpit. It is frequently met with in the Jewish writings. The Shekinah indicated the presence of the Holy Ghost. The Rabbins held that by it a peculiar sanctity was communicated to the air, so that evil spirits were expelled. The Shekinah was the most striking token of the presence of God among the Hebrews. It rested over the golden Cherubim, in a cloud, from whence it is thought God gave forth his oracles. Hence it is said, God "sits above the cherubim." The Rabbins say that the Shekinah dwelt in the tabernacle and in the temple till the destruction of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans.

Original.

THE MOURNER.

BY REV. A. M. LORRAINE.

IT occurs to me that almost every number of the Repository, in its expansive visitations, will reach some chamber of woe, which will be darkened with the emblems of mourning. And some maternal eye, influenced by recent bereavement, will hastily glance over its columns in search of some cordial—some sympathetic balm to heal the wound that death has made. To deal out to the mourner common-place aphorisms, as old as death itself, would be a meddlesome move, which the broken-hearted daughter of sorrow would reject with disgust. Dr. Clarke observes, in his "autobiography," that a poor man, who had lost an affectionate child, was lamenting his case, when some of his well-meaning but awkward neighbors attempted to comfort him by rehearsing over the long list of standing consolations; such as, "The child is in a better world; weeping cannot bring it back; what *is* to be, *will* be," &c. The sorrowful father looked up piteously and said, "Ah, I perceive it is a very easy matter to bury *other people's* children."

We may well be thankful that the Gospel does not petrify the heart, or turn men and women into stocks and stones. It does not, like an unskillful physician, too abruptly close the wounds of human sorrow; but like a majestic ship, it glides down the sacred stream, with a weeping world in convoy; and when the favorable eddy is gained, slowly heaves in stays. The signal is given for a tack. And on that broad streamer of mercy the mourner reads, "I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." The Gospel permits the tear of affliction to fall on the grave of departed worth; and its immaculate Author shed the "signal drops."

"JESUS WEPT."

This is the shortest, and may we not say one of the sweetest verses in all the Bible. While a poor, wandering and unbaptized sinner, I could frequently read whole chapters in the Bible without being materially affected. But when I would come to those electric words, "*Jesus wept*," my whole soul seemed to be unhinged—the rock was smitten, and the waters of repentance began to flow. But there are some mothers who, in consequence of erroneous views, have added hugely to their own afflictions; and it would certainly be a work of mercy to disburden their minds of that extraneous grief which is unscriptural and baseless, and consequently worketh death.

I knew a lady who was naturally of a strong mind, and who was well fortified by many acquired excellences, that nevertheless was almost swallowed up in despair at the death of her child, because she had taken up an idea that it was a cast-away. She complained that she saw no tokens of resignation, no smile of complacency; but rather a restive unwillingness to yield to

the disease. It was in vain that her friends reminded her that her child was merely an infant. Now if that mother had clearly understood that our blessed Redeemer had not made an atonement merely for this child or that child, but that he had made an atonement for fallen human nature,—and if she had taken into view the whole analogy of Christian faith, she would have seen that her child had fallen asleep under the covenanted mercies of God, and was safely lodged in Abraham's bosom. There is another idea that bereaved parents should not lose sight of; and that is, that God is the righteous governor of the universe, and will do right. He cannot err. We frequently err. We think in all cases that it would be best to raise our children to manhood. And the anxious prayer of the parent is,

Rich be the future harvests they may yield,
And wave their golden glories o'er the field.

But the omniscient Father of all beholds the afflictions, the trials, the crosses, in number, measure and weight, that are strewed along life's thorny path; and he commands the minister of death to thrust his sickle in,

"And angels shout the early harvest home."

I might illustrate this by a dream. Be not alarmed, fair reader—we do not intend to substitute fleeting dreams for sound and wholesome Gospel truths; "for what is the chaff to the wheat, or what is the dream to the open vision?" But a dream may elucidate a subject or Christian doctrine, as well as a parable or allegory.

There was a sensible and pious lady, in the south of Virginia, who many years since lost a lovely child—a child who had not only drawn immensely on her mother's affections, but who gathered a sightly revenue of love and admiration from all who came within her reach. She however died; and the mother was inconsolable. It seemed as though an arrow was fixed in her soul, that neither time nor change could extract. While in this situation she fell into a profound sleep. She thought a heavenly messenger came to her and said, "Would you see your child?" She answered with avidity, "I desire to see her above all things." "Then," said he, "follow me." She followed him into an extensive passage. Presently he stopped, and touching a spring, massy folding doors flew open. She looked in, and saw a multitude of volatile females, dressed in all the foolish trappings of fashion; and with loud laughter, and cheeks flushed with unholy joy, they sported and danced to the sound of the violin. The angel pointing to one who seemed to be the queen, the leader and most fantastic of the throng, said, "Behold thy daughter." "O no," cried the impassioned mother, "that cannot be; for I was bringing her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I was training her for grace, for glory and for God. She never could have been that tawdry thing." The angel answered, "So you may think; but she was daily gaining on your affections, and in process of time you could have refused her nothing. Follow me." She again moved on. Presently he touched another spring. The everlasting gates flew wider, and all the unspeakable glories of heaven broke upon her sight. She heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps, and singing

a new song. And far within the brilliant vail, hard by the bright effulgence of the *Blessed*, she saw an agile form, clothed in linen clean and white, with a crown of glory on her head and a palm of victory in her hand. And with white vested elders and the innumerable multitude on Mount Zion, she sung, "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory, and honor and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen." The angel said, "Behold thy Martha as she is." The enraptured mother joined in the shout of the sacramental train that filled the temple of heaven. But the joy was more than earth could bear. She awoke. The room seemed to shake with convulsions of joy—the celestial vision fled—the glory was gone, but the lingering rays of the adorable Shekinah rested warm on her heart. The midnight whisper fell from her lips,

"Lord as in heaven, on earth thy will be done."

She arose in the morning, washed her face and anointed her head, and with a cheerful smile, went on to help to fill up the measure of the sufferings of Christ, which are left behind. O, ye bereaved mothers in Israel weep if need be. These are precious drops, for they are brilliant with hope, and they fall on the feet of Mercy.

But let me ask you, is it a small honor that God has called a representative from thy family to the court of bliss? Thy infant has gone before, in the power and the spirit of the prophet, to lighten up thy pathway to the grave, and to make a highway to thy God. Perhaps thou didst need this argument to draw thee on. A weeping mother once stood bending over the grave of her child. Her pastor came by and said, "Sister, there was once a kind shepherd who superintended a large flock; but one of his sheep did not like to follow. She often lagged behind, and frequently strayed from the fold, to gather strange and foreign flowers. At last the shepherd took up her lamb, and carried it in his bosom, and then the poor bleating sheep followed her shepherd." Is this the case with thee? Hast thou tarried behind the sacramental host of God's elect? Hast thou neglected thy meeting?—thy class? And

"To what excesses had thy dotage run!

But God to save the *mother*, took the *son*."

He has taken thy lamb and put it in his own bosom. And wilt thou now follow the shepherd of thy soul?

Perhaps one will say, "The great misfortune with me is, I belong not to that fold." Well, could the Almighty advance a stronger argument to draw you to his service, than to take thy infant into his bosom? Thou hast realized the parting pangs and anguish of one separation—a separation that need not be eternal. And having drank this bitter cup, will you, dare you brave a separation which will be permanent and everlasting? Canst thou bear the thought of seeing thy child but once more, and then to commence an everlasting retreat, and recede farther and farther from heaven, and from glory, and from God, and from the child of thy bosom to all eternity? Arise, follow thy Shepherd, and sing,

"Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven will recompense the pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains."

I

Original.

RESIGNATION.

BY L. J. CIST.

When the present Queen of France was informed of the death of her daughter, Marie of Wurtemberg, she uttered this touching exclamation, "My God, I have a daughter less, but thou hast an angel more!"

A QUEEN stands in her palace hall,
With regal honors crowned;
And jeweled dames attend her call,
And menials wait around;
And all that rank administers—
Wealth, honor, royalty, are hers.

A king her lordly partner stands,
And princes are her sons;
And daughters fair, in other lanes,
Reign kingly chosen ones;
While others round are springing up,
Fair buds of loveliness and hope!

For her, with pomp of queenly life,
Domestic pleasures blend;
A mother loved—a cherished wife—
At once the *queen* and *friend*!
Nor better served than loved, I ween,
That wife and mother, friend and queen!

O, where were mortals found, whose bay
Of pride might greener prove?
Or who than she more boldly say
"My mountain shall not move?"
Where look for proud and haughty mien,
If not in her—that lofty queen?

A messenger!—he comes to bear
A tale of grief and woe;
A daughter beautiful and fair,
By death is stricken low:
A jewel from her crown hath fled—
Her child—her best beloved, is dead!

That queen!—how beareth she the stroke?—
Meekly she bends her head,
Her gentle spirit, bruised, not broke,
Resigneth thus the dead—
"A child beloved, *less* is *mine*,
An *ANGEL more*, my God is *THINE*!"

FROM THE GREEK.

"THE high, august, immortal King,
The Ruler of the world I sing;
Let earth be silent while I raise
The voice of prayer, the voice of praise;
Hush'd be the moaning of the breeze,
The murmur of the waving trees;
Let tranquil ether, tranquil air,
Attend the hymn, attend the prayer;
And deep in ocean's charmed breast,
Let all the gathered waters rest."

Original.

THE SOUTH.

START not, fair readers, lest this article should prove to be a long dissertation on manners and customs. I do not intend to treat philosophically of the difference between the north and the south, nor even to vie with those whose maturer pens have given to the world varied and apt descriptions of southern scenery; but I shall introduce you, if it be in my power, to its every day aspects.

I well recollect the time when the northern beech tree with its shelving branches and its bright green foliage, so different from any thing I had seen, greeted me as I made my first trip up the Ohio. It was several days before I ascertained that the absence of the Spanish moss, so peculiar to southern vegetation, caused the difference. I was then very young, and the mingled emotions of surprise and admiration, excited by the first view of the hills on the banks of the Ohio, their rocky sides barely affording nourishment for the cedars that flourish on them in perpetual greenness, can never be forgotten. Stopping one day at a picturesque village on the banks of our "*Belle riviere*," my father took us out to walk; and it would have been highly amusing to the elves of the north to see with what eagerness we secured the semi-transparent pebbles, each in succession seeming by far prettier than all the former, till the ringing of the steamboat bell warned us to desist; but as we hastily obeyed the summons, many a pretty pebble, by a dextrous movement of the fingers, found its way to our aprons, to afford an hour's amusement, and then seek a resting place beneath the waves. But I am wandering from my subject; need I apologize to those who, like myself, are prone to treasure up the memory of childhood's hours, and with perhaps too much regret for their departure, recount the merry deeds then accomplished? But it is no part of my nature to sigh over days that are gone, with a wish for their return, and therefore I am seldom accused of low spirits.

The banks of the Mississippi, in Arkansas and Missouri particularly, present to the eye one dull level of tree and canebrake, except that an occasional, log hut, sending up its smoke through a mud chimney, affords a momentary relief, and gives rise to a thousand conjectures with respect to the happiness of the inmates, apparently shut out from communion with their fellow beings. Unless *love* supply the place of society, we know not how the time goes by. And I think no better place can be chosen for testing woman's affection than a log cabin, raised in the midst of a canebrake, with a clearing of perhaps half an acre, in which a parcel of white headed urchins gambol indiscriminately with pigs, poultry and each other; while nothing around reminds her that they are not the only human beings in existence, save a steamboat now and then shooting around a neighboring point, and as suddenly disappearing in the opposite direction, rendering solitude more solitary. Lower down the river the live oak spreads its broad limbs, clothed in a perpetual robe of rich dark green foliage, and affording a welcome shade to man and

beast during the hot summer days. In fact, I know of nothing more agreeable than, after riding for hours in the open prairie, where the sun's rays have full power, to come across a live oak, whose ample shade invites repose from fatigue—an invitation seldom if ever slighted by the weary traveler.

The magnolia, or bay, as it is more commonly termed, is another noble forest tree peculiar to "the south." It reaches to a greater height than the live oak, but like it, is ever green. The leaves are a dark glossy green on the upper side, the under being a light brown, varying from six to seven inches in length, and from two to three in width. When covered with its flowers, remarkable for their size, whiteness and odor, this tree contributes not a little to the beauty of the southern landscape. The seeds, which ripen and fall in autumn, are a bright scarlet color, about the size of the common white bean, and are inclosed in a cone shaped burr. How vividly does memory bring childish pastimes before me, while I write—the hours I have spent with my playmates at "the old spring," our favorite ground, overshadowed by one of the ancient "bay trees," whose large leaves were the cups from which we drank, and its seeds, when strung, our necklaces and headbands! I could dwell for hours on the remembrance of what now seems the happiest portion of my life; but must hasten.

As has often been remarked by travelers and writers, the long Spanish moss, to which I have already alluded, soonest attracts the observation of strangers, who, at the sight, are generally, if they possess soul enough, afflicted with a spell of what in common "parlance" are termed "the blues," especially if winter be the season. One cannot be much surprised at this effect, as its hue is gray; and where the woods are left as nature made them, immense canebrakes, covering every inch of ground unoccupied by the rulers of the forest, reach to the ends of this natural drapery, nearly excluding the light of heaven from their mother earth. The uses to which the moss is applied are too numerous to mention. The chief are those of mattress making and plastering. It is gathered and thrown into a ditch or pond, for a few weeks, the water causing the outer gray bark to come off, leaving it a glossy black. It is then dried, and affords many an hour's work to the negro children, in what they call "pickin' it;" i. e., pulling it apart and taking away the small branches which may cling to it in its dying hours. When used for plastering, it is taken from the tree, and a hole being dug in clayey soil, the moss is put in with water and trodden down by oxen, till mixed sufficiently for the purpose. It makes a firm wall, and when white-washed, looks quite respectable.

An attempt to describe the rich variety of flowers which grow in such luxuriance, filling the air with sweetness, and delighting the eye with beauty of coloring, would promise nothing but failure, and I will mention but one or two. The wild pomegranate vine so nearly resembles the celebrated passion flower, that those only who are accustomed to examining the structure of plants, can distinguish them. While visiting a hot-house in "the Queen city," I saw among a number of

beautiful exotics, a passion flower, and it is easier to imagine than describe the delight with which I even kissed the blossoms, so forcibly did it recall my early home; and though many arguments were used by the gardener to prove the contrary, I remained unconvinced that it was any thing but a wild pomegranate vine, taken from some southern woods, and transplanted to bloom and be admired in northern latitudes.

Nature seems to have tried her powers, to experiment how far she could succeed in giving to the trees and flowers, particularly the evergreens, richness and delicacy of color, and sweetness of perfume. The combination of these delightful qualities is found in the orange, the pride of our southern gardens. Its leaves, emitting a pleasant aromatic odor when bruised, vary from the darkest to the lightest shades of green. It blooms in March or April, when the air is at times oppressive, with the richness of its odor. The petals fall very soon after the flower opens, covering the ground with a snowy, fragrant carpet. A walk through one of the groves, before sunrise, while the dew glistens and drops from every leaf, makes an enchanting hour pass long before we are willing to let it go. This is the time for gathering flowers to deck the hearths and mantles—an almost universal custom—when freshened by the dews of the night, they have opened their treasury of sweets. Many a time have I returned from a ramble through one of the large gardens, with the sleeves and hem of my dress thoroughly wet, my hands and apron full of the most beautiful roses, from maiden blush to deepest crimson—cape jessamines, pomegranates, myrtle, honey-suckle, and twenty others equally sweet. There is one lovely little plant, called cypress vine, which I have seen at the north, pining for its native soil and climate. Its leaves are nature's most delicate workmanship, consisting of small green fibres. It is the humming bird's favorite. I have frequently seen half a dozen of these beautiful little creatures sporting around it early in the morning, and pausing ever and anon to sip the honey from its small scarlet blossoms.

It would be too great a tax both on my memory and on the patience of my readers, to describe one in a hundred of the various birds, whose sweet notes ringing through the woods and prairies, attract the attention and try the skill of the sportsman. Here the mocking-bird, so highly prized in the north, spends a short, joyous life, in the exercise of its singular talent. I have often wondered if its deception did not tantalize the other songsters, whose melodies it so exactly imitates.

But numerous and exquisite as are the attractions of "the south," like every place on this unfortunate earth, thorns will hide themselves in its sweetest roses—a dark side will present itself to the unwilling eye. However reluctantly, justice requires that all should be told. While pleased with the sweet voices and delicate plumage of the birds, a glance at the prairies would have shown us, circling in wide sweeps through the air, numbers of large birds with rusty black plumage and hooked bills, known by the very *romantic* name of turkey-buzzard. Their lives are protected in many places by law,

as they prevent disease, by devouring the flesh of dead animals, which, but for these birds, would destroy the purity of the atmosphere. But formidable as is their appearance, they are perfectly harmless, and display a great contrast in every respect to one diminutive songster, whose music is welcomed by none—his presence dreaded by all.

"What could *musketoes* have been made for?" has been exclaimed times without number; and though the naturalist may have shown the necessity of their being, and by the aid of the microscope, examined and given to the world accounts of their beauty, yet the question is repeated as if it were still unanswered. When so much talent and research have failed to silence this inquiry, I shall not attempt so hopeless a task.

The commotion created in the world by some persons is the standard of their importance. And certainly if this be any ground for celebrity, our hero, the musketoe, may hold a conspicuous station in the list of great personages. Few can bear his attacks without shrinking; the most apathetic are roused to prepare for action at the sound (not an "uncertain" one) of his tiny trumpet; and woe be to him who disobeys the summon—a *sharp* reproof invariably following such neglect. Repentance, a natural consequence, rarely fails to lead to vigilance on the part of the attacked. We hear of few such diplomatists. With music soft and gentle as fairy notes, and to the uninitiated, harmless as gentle, it approaches nearer and nearer to the unsuspecting listener, till his enchanting dreams and rosy slumbers suddenly give place to the realities of a malicious thrust from the sword which it never forgets to carry concealed about its person. Exasperated by the pain, a revengeful hand would at once terminate the existence of the deceptive foe, did not a timely escape prevent so direful a catastrophe. And then,

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"

is engraven on its coat of arms, and never since the dawn of their existence, have musketoes been known to deviate from this belligerent rule of action. Nearly every one will feel inclined to dispute the position that musketoes are morally useful, since they excite the angry passions of our nature. Viewed in this light, some degree of credence may be given to the supposition of their being nuisances; but may we not on the other hand allow them some credit for betraying to us those lurking dispositions which need correction? The wisest men, when they attempt to show others their faults, are apt to become unpopular: so this little monitor, finding himself in such good company, perseveres at the risk of life and limb, to benefit us, while he is benefited by us. Self is, to be sure, the spring of his beneficence, but where shall we find those who are not in a greater or less degree under the dominion of selfish motives?

The immense swamps which cover many miles of the country, affording shelter alike to the timid deer, the dangerous panther and the unsightly alligator, present as great a contrast to the open sunny prairie and cultivated plantations, as can be imagined. I will leave a

more minute description of these dismal regions to those who can brood over gloomy pictures, though I cannot help mentioning one of its inhabitants, to which distant chroniclers have given credit for more ferocity than a nearer view would warrant.

I allude to the alligator, which may be found at all times in the bayous and smaller streams of the swamps, sunning himself on some floating log, too lazy to be moved by any ordinary danger. Numbers of them are seen in streams constantly navigated by steamboats, offering a fair mark for the rifles of travelers, who amuse themselves by shooting them. Apparently secure in the hardness of their skin, they rarely ever desert their stations till the bullet rebounds, when, with the most deliberate movement imaginable, they slide into the water.

Last though not least, the large venomous snakes, which abound in all portions of the country, add to the unpleasant part of this description, and terrify those to whom habit has not rendered them familiar. The rattlesnake is conspicuous. Against it a constant war of extermination is waged by whites and negroes—by the latter particularly, who believe that should they be bitten all remedies would prove unavailing, unless the snake were killed. I once knew an old negro man who said that the flesh of the rattlesnake when smoked, was more delicate than a tender chicken. Great care was necessary in killing it; for when attacked, it is apt to send poison through every part of its own body by a self-inflicted wound. Old N. would creep up noiselessly, and by a sudden blow with his axe, sever the head of his victim from his body, preventing thereby the accomplishment of the design.

I recollect once going to gather wild grapes with a large party of children, and several grown persons. After searching for sometime, we found a vine filled with fruit, and immediately set to work to obtain it. The nurse had brought "*the baby*," and was seated on a decayed log, watching the progress of the sport, when a loud scream from one of the children directed our attention to an enormous rattlesnake, which, coiled and ready, was just in the act of springing at the infant. The nurse, by a sudden leap, escaped. My blood almost congeals as I recall the scene. The babe, unconscious of danger, was smiling at the merriment of the smaller children, who were deeply engaged in the mysteries of "hide and seek;" while, as if to remind us that no such thing as unmixed pleasure exists, the poisonous reptile, with head erect, and eyes that seemed to glow with malice, was within a moment of securing its innocent victim. We hastily fled from the spot, forgetful of grapes and every thing else but the narrow escape from a horrid death.

FANNY.

MY SAVIOR.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned,
Upon my Savior's brow;
His head by radiant glories crown'd—
His lips with grace o'erflow.

Original.

THE CHRISTIAN IN DEATH.*

CAROLINE MATILDA, late consort of Rev. Elijah H. Pilcher of the Michigan conference, was the daughter of Dr. Benjamin H. Packard, and was born in Middleport, Niagara county, New York, Nov. 21, 1818. She was instructed in the principles of the Christian religion—her parents having been members of the Methodist Episcopal Church for some years before her birth. Caroline evinced a great aptitude to learn, and an ardent desire for knowledge. In the summer of 1828, her parents emigrated to Michigan, and settled in Ann Arbor. Here she had the advantage of schools and of society—both of which were diligently improved. Indeed, it was her ardent attention to study that laid the foundation for many of her subsequent afflictions. Her parents moved again to Spring Arbor, Jackson county, in February, 1835, where they still reside.

Caroline embraced religion in the thirteenth year of her age, through pastoral labors bestowed on her the day previous to that event. Her repentance was thorough, and her evidence of pardon clear. The following is her own account of this great work:

"It was Monday, July 18, 1831, when, for the first time, the light of God shone into my benighted mind. O, what joy then filled my heart! All was happiness within, and I felt truly like a *new creature*. The consideration that God was reconciled almost overwhelmed my soul. Strange, indeed, did it seem to me, that God should even observe one so unworthy. I felt, indeed, that I had been ungrateful to him for the Holy Spirit, which had been so often sent to convince me of my sins—the remembrance of which was grievous to me. Then I *humbly* repented before God—I believed that there was efficacy in the blood of Christ to take my sins away."

On the 15th of August, of the same year, she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she continued a worthy member until taken to the Church above. Her piety was uniform, and her attachment to the Church ardent. She was naturally distrustful of herself. In religion she usually spoke with a good degree of confidence, yet hesitated to express all her feelings, lest it should *appear* beyond the truth.

Her communion with God was deep and clear, as will appear by the following extracts from a diary which she kept for a few years.

"Feb. 25, 1834.—I feel that I am in the hands of God. I am toiling to be directed by him; for he will do all things for my good. It fills my soul with joy when I think that, after I have passed the sorrows of life, I shall see 'those who have come up through great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

"May 24.—I look forward with a pleasing hope that

*Obituaries will seldom be admitted into the Repository but the following notice is peculiarly interesting, and will be read with great profit by those who admire the manifestations of Divine grace.

one day I shall gaze upon the beatific beauties of my King, and swell the notes of the heavenly choir. Yes, on the other side of Jordan, with the saints of God, I hope to cast my crown at the feet of my Savior, and cry, '*Holy, holy* is the Lord God of hosts!' O, how pleasing is the hope of the Christian! He knows that this world is not his abiding home; but he seeks a city out of sight. He is only a sojourner here, hastening to a land where everlasting spring abides.

'No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.'

Her desire for holiness is sometimes very strongly expressed. On May 25, 1834, she writes, "I do realize my unworthiness this day in the sight of God, but I *do trust* that he is fashioning me after his own likeness and humbling me at the foot of the cross. O, that I might there remain, until the all-cleansing blood of the Savior shall be applied to my heart, and wash away all my sins!

'Tis all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Savior died.'

O, for a dedication of my soul and body to the service of God!"

In view of a change in her state of life, she expresses a strong sense of the responsibilities of a minister's wife; but in this, as in other cases, she states that her help is in God, and that if she can but be the means of saving souls, she is willing to sacrifice all. She feels that God will always be with her; and though she may leave the society of friends, he will be her support. In view of this, under date of July 19, 1834, she writes as follows: "I must expect to be separated from the friends I love. Yes, we meet and part here below, but will soon reach heaven. *Glory* to God, *there* is a resting place! God will take care of me. I wish to feel a cheerful resignation to his will in all the dispensations of his providence, and then I shall be happy. I *do rejoice* in God."

These extracts are the more valuable as they express her private feelings—not being designed for the eye even of her intimate friends, and, indeed, were not seen until after her death.

She was married to the Rev. Elijah H. Pilcher, of the Ohio conference, June 4, 1835. It will be remembered that the Ohio conference included the state of Michigan, until the General conference of 1836, when the Michigan conference was created.

For the last three years of her life she enjoyed much of the fullness of love divine. Having been brought just to the borders of the grave several times, she always had strong confidence in God.

On the 25th of August, 1839, she obtained a clear witness of perfect love—at which time her prospect of health was fairer than it had been for a long time previous. But how soon are our prospects blasted!

On the 5th day of September following, while her husband was absent at conference, she was brought down to her bed with disease, from which she never recovered, but continued to suffer until the 5th of April.

She had a complication of diseases; but she suffered with singular patience. Her father frequently remarked, that though he had practiced medicine more than twenty-five years, he had not met with a case of such *continued severe* suffering, and that he had never witnessed such patience. During her protracted sickness, she was never heard to utter the least complaint against this dispensation of Providence.

When her friends remarked (as they frequently did) that her sufferings were great, her usual reply was that she had *great* support, sometimes adding that she would willingly suffer more if it would be for the glory of God. At all times she spoke of death as calmly as on any other subject. She was anxious to be useful, and to have her husband so; hence, she was unwilling he should stay from any of his appointments on her account, although the prospect often was that she would not live until his return. On one of these occasions, while he was absent, she called for a small Bible which had been presented to her by her husband, and with a pencil wrote on a blank leaf as follows:

"Feb., 1840.—O, heavenly treasure, guide of my youth, my solace in the hour of affliction, and blessed beacon which points my soul to a land where I shall flourish in immortal youth! I return *thee* to that *dear one* who has been the partner of my joys and sorrows, but who will shortly be left to feel that his *little boy* is motherless, and he, himself, is bereft of the *companion* of his early days. Then, O! then, my dear *Elijah*, open this book, and read for your consolation, of that *glorious morn*, when the *trumpet shall sound*, and we shall be raised incorruptible, to be separated no more.

Till then adieu!

CAROLINE."

This was about six weeks before her death. Her conversations in reference to her future prospects, were interesting. Some of them, noted down by her friends, are as follows:

Feb. 24.—(To her husband.)—"This is a scene of conflict all through; but I feel that the almighty Arm on which I lean, will carry me safely through."

Feb. 26.—(To the same.)—"When I pass through the waters, they shall not overflow me. Deep—deep! the waters below appear deep and dark, but the sky above is clear and glorious, and I shall rise above all. Sometimes I fancy I have been a long sea-voyage all alone, tossed and driven by the wind and waves; sometimes almost at the port, then driven away again upon the ocean. Thus I have struggled with wind and tide, but now I feel as if I was near the port, and every wave carries me nearer."

March 25.—She asked her mother to get her hymn book, and read to her the hymn on the 487th page, which begins,

"Why should we start and fear to die?"

When she came to the last verse, which is,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there,"

she put her finger on it and remarked, that she realized it all—then took the book, marked the place, and pre-

sented to her mother as a token of her love. About the same time, addressing her father, she said, "God only takes from you what he lent. You have been a kind father, but I ask one favor. When I am done breathing, I wish you would see that this wreck be deposited where some of the family will lie; have no pomp, but mark the spot with a tree, vine or shrub, (I was always fond of something green,) that my *little son* may be pointed to the spot." Her son, named *Jason Henry*, was then fourteen months old, and was her only child.

April 3.—After many other things, she said, "I would willingly *suffer* on my three-score years and ten, if it would be for the glory of God. I am just ready and waiting. Halleluiah, *halleluiah*, HALLELUIAH! I never expected such a halo of glory! What unfading glory waits for me? O, that *ineffable* glory! it almost burst this tenement of clay. My heart is so full, my head rings every moment with *halleluiahs*! No wonder so many have shouted *glory* when leaving this world. I feel I have no longer to dread suffering, but to praise and dwell in his presence for ever. O, *glory*! Never was language formed full enough to tell what I feel. Where shall I find words to express it? I expect to walk the golden streets above, and eat of the tree of life. My palsied tongue almost fails me to speak of that which my heart can hardly contain."

During the day of Saturday, the 4th, she said but little, yet was occasionally heard (amidst the greatest pain) to say, "Halleluliah!"

These are but a few of the expressions of joy, which she uttered during her protracted sufferings. No one who has not been present, near the closing hour of a Christian's life, can form any adequate idea of the glory of such a scene. Her death was triumphant, as will appear from what follows. About 3 o'clock, A. M., of the day of her death, when she felt that her life was fast ebbing, she said she was going, and requested her friends to be called into her room. As they entered, she said, "It is all raptures untold." At sunrise, the door of her room was opened—it was bright sunshine. Being told it was Sabbath morning, she exclaimed, "It is the sweetest Sabbath morning I ever saw." Awhile after, all being still, she asked why they were so. On being told they did not wish to disturb her, she said, "I want to be *shouting*. O, if I had strength, I would shout." When mention was made again of the Sabbath she added,

"Sweet Sabbath of eternal rest
Nomortal care shall seize my breast."

In this frame of mind she continued until the spirit returned to God who gave it. She expired on Sabbath, April 5th, 1840, at 1 o'clock, P. M., in the 22d year of her age.

Marshall, Michigan, Dec. 1, 1840.

RELIGION is a flower whose bud is peace, whose blossom is joy unspeakable, and whose fruit is everlasting glory.

Original.

LAST WISH OF POCHAHONTAS.

BY MISS BAKER.

THE setting sun threw a parting ray
O'er the lowly couch where the dying lay;
The fragrant breeze from a rosy bough,
Mov'd the long dark locks on the hueless brow;
A tear drop stood in the swimming eye,
And the bosom labored with a sigh,—
Then the dying turn'd to the sunset glow,
And said, with a faltering voice and low,—
"Yon sun goes down—but never to me,
Shall the glory of his rising be;
For my form is faint, my heart throbs slow,
The fountain of life is chill and low;
The spirit's home looks brightly afar,
And I go to dwell with my kindred there.
I wish for my lowly grave to be made
In my native vale, 'neath the wild wood shade;
When the dying strife in my bosom is o'er,
And closes mine eye to wake no more;
Then bear ye my pallid corpse away
To my own green vale, where the sunbeams play,
Where streams with a gentle murmur flow,
The wild birds sing and the fresh winds blow.
There first I sported when wild and free,
And there may the place of my resting be;
My fathers sleep there 'neath the green oak shade,
With their's let my lowly couch be made."

Original.

BE HAPPY TO-DAY.

To an elderly gentleman, who, on parting with his protege, said, "Always be as happy as you can *to-day*."

You tell me, my father—"Be happy to-day:"
Alas! tell the fruits how to ripen in May;
Tell the sun how to shine when the clouds intervene,
Tell the rain not to fall ere the rainbow is seen.
When the storm sweeps the main, tell the winds not to blow,
Or when torrents descend, tell the streams not to flow;
Amid autumn's cold reign, tell the fields not to fade,
Teach the frost of its nights not to whiten the glade;
Tell winter's chill blast not to beat on thy head,
Tell its snows not to fall on the tombs of the dead;
Tell sorrow to smile when the tear moistens the eye,
Tell sickness to flee when the pulse beats awry;
When the heart sleeps in death, tell the heart still to love;
When the lips both are sealed, tell the lips still to move;
When the eye-lids are closed, tell the eye yet to wake,
Or the tongue when 'tis still, tell the tongue yet to speak;
Tell love not to sing in the mourner's sad lay,
When its object is hidden beneath the cold clay,—
Then tell me, my father—"Be happy to-day."

H.

Original.

TO THE YOUTHFUL READERS OF THE REPOSITORY.

As we journey thro' time, we may cull from its bowers
Some sparkling gems, and some beautiful flowers,

And preserve them till youth rolls away;
We fondly may hope they will brighten in gladness,
And bloom in their beauty o'er long years of sadness,
Unimpaired by the stamp of decay.

But ah! my young friends, the flowers of the morning,
And the glittering gems, in beauty adorning

The engraving on life's early page,
Will look dim to the eye of later existence—
Will fade, as we pass thro' the shadowy distance
That conducts to the valley of age.

O then! in life's spring, seek religion, whose luster
Will brighten and brighten, as years round you cluster,
And illumine your journey to rest;

Thus treasure the diamonds of undying beauty—
And seek those sweet buds in the pathway of duty,
Which will blossom in realms of the blest.

Ere earth throws its spell of enchantment around you—
Ere glittering cords of temptation have bound you—

Ere you seek for time's perishing toys;
Let your hearts, in the first flush of feeling, be given—
To procure an abiding assurance of heaven,
With its pure and ineffable joys.

The world may look bright, as it meets your warm
glances—

And pleasure illumine the eye that now dances,
In the beauty of youth's early beams;
But time's tireless wing will bring moments of sadness,
And shadow the radiance of youth's joyous gladness,
And darken its beautiful dreams.

Then seek the cross, while your eyes are still beaming,
And raise them, with tears of penitence streaming,

To Him who there suffer'd for you;
And when, o'er their closing ray, darkness is glooming,
Hopes there engender'd shall still be found blooming
With Heaven's own beautiful hue.

E. F. W.

Original.

THE TONGUE.

JAMES III, 3, 4, 5.

BY A. M. LORRAINE.

BEHOLD yon gallant bark
Defy the swelling surge;
While gathering cloud and tempest dark
Their furious winds discharge.

While tow'ring seas o'erwhelm,
She mocks their mighty force;
Yet slender is the changing helm
Which rules her foaming course.

1

Just so the snorting steed
Is by his rider's skill,
In all his rage and light'ning speed,
Still bridled in his will.

The *bit* and *rudder* can
Such raging force control;
And so the slender tongue of man
Commands the mighty soul.

Who can its malice tame—
Who can withstand its ire?
It dips into infernal flame,
And sets the world on fire.

Is such its sov'reign sway
O'er all the human race;
Then grant, O Lord, it ever may
Be *curb'd* by conquering grace!

Original.

SWEET VOICES.

BY MISS BAKER.

SWEET voices ye are from a world above;
Ye whisper my fainting heart,
In a stealing tone of unearthly love,
That is urging me to depart.

Ye tell of the flowers that never fade,
Of the fountains for ever clear—
Of the trees of life, with their living shade,
And the happy that triumph there.

Ye tell of a sea where, by chilling wind,
The bright waves are never tost;
Of a happy shore where I know I shall find
All, all that on earth I have lost.

Ye tell of a milder, purer air,
Of a calmer, clearer sky—
Of the bowers of bliss that are ever fair,
And of zephyrs all melody.

Sweet voices, ye bring no tidings of woe,
For ye come from the land of the blest;
Where tears of affliction can never flow,
Nor death nor misfortune molest.

Ye tell of the meeting of friends again,
The reunion of heart with heart,
And the binding of ties long severed in twain,
That shall never asunder part.

But, heavenly tones, ye are passing by,
Faint—faint is your dying strain,
And it seems to blend with a parting sigh—
'Tis the discord of earth again.

ALL nature trembles at thy nod,—
Sea, earth, and air confess thee God.

NOTICES.

AN ESSAY ON EDUCATION: by Caleb Atwater, A. M., author of *Western Antiquities, Tour to Prairie du Chien, History of the State of Ohio, etc., etc.* Cincinnati: Kendall & Henry, 1841.—This is a duodecimo of 123 pages. Its author is a practiced and able writer, and the volume before us is, in our opinion, his most useful production. It treats of physical, mental, and moral education, and devotes a chapter to female education, a portion of which was published by permission in the first number of the Repository. It furnishes sketches of dandies without, and decent young men with education. It contains a profitable chapter on instructors and their qualifications—on clergymen, lawyers and physicians—on books—on the manners of the north and south—and a concluding chapter on “the necessity of education, arising from the tendency of the age to innovation and change,” from the character of the western population, and from the prospective glory of this republic.

From the many excellent thoughts with which this Essay abounds, we select the following on books. Will the ladies do themselves the justice to read what a man full of years and observation says on this subject?

“Better read nothing, or listen to the innocent prattle, and behold the plays and pranks of our children, than to read or listen to the reading of any such matter as is found in the works of Scott, Bulwer, Byron, and all that class of authors about dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, grooms and lap-dogs.”

We are pleased to derive from such authority the confirmation of our own opinions in regard to books and reading. Indeed, novel reading is beginning to be reprobated, not merely “by the priests,” but by the people—by the philosophical and the moral, as well as by the religious. Few can be found among the truly philanthropic and patriotic, who do not, in the severest and most unequivocal terms, condemn novel reading. The periodical press boldly denounces it; and we have been surprised to find in the notices which have been approvingly taken of the aim and the contents of the Repository, what a decided hostility to books of this description prevails in the minds of our ablest writers, who might have been mistaken for the friends rather than the enemies of fiction.

We will add to the above extract from Mr. Atwater's book one more, for which we thank him, and which will, we trust, be an effectual commendation of the Essay to our readers, especially to parents and teachers, who should, without fail, purchase and read it.

“Biographies are highly entertaining, and highly useful books. They are very numerous in this country, and many of them are very well written. Irving's ‘Columbus,’ and his ‘Companions of Columbus,’ are more entertaining than any novel can be. Every child, and every youth, and every man and woman in our whole country, should read these books. The dictionaries now in use, are Webster's, Johnson's, and Walker's—they all have their excellences, and they all have their defects.

“But, after all that we have said concerning books, the BIBLE is emphatically THE BOOK for children, youth, and age. It contains a revelation of the will of God, the way of life and salvation, and it opens to our full view heaven and all its glories. It directs us to travel in the narrow path, running along on a ridge, and on the very edge of a frightful precipice, which leads up to that holy, happy place. It shows us the doom of the incorrigibly wicked. It exhibits to us a God, pure, holy, just, benevolent, good, and merciful: so just, that he abhors all iniquity, even in our very hearts, before it has executed its wicked designs; yet, that he so loved us, that he gave up his only begotten Son to die for us, and atone for our transgressions; and having so loved us, he prays us to be reconciled to his law, and his government. He even aids us, by his good Spirit, to turn from the error of our ways to him, to truth and righteousness. But, if after all that he has done to redeem and save us—after all his entreaties, mercy, aid and kindness, we will persist in our rebellion, obstinacy, unbelief, and ingratitude to him; if we will go to ruin, he permits us to go down to the pit of destruction, with all our sins resting on our own guilty souls. This book,

containing all these sublime, high, and holy truths; these great and glorious offers of life and salvation; all these awful warnings; should always be read every day, at least once, in all our schools, of all sorts. It is the Book of books, without reading which, and becoming thoroughly imbued with its principles, vain shall be the reading of all other books in the world; and we are lost, lost for ever; lost to all goodness, all happiness. No matter how learned, how rich, how honored, dignified, and adorned, even with crowns and diadems, sceptres, mitres, and croziers; and surrounded by all the glories of this world; they shall all fade and wither, die, and come to nought, and be forgotten; or be remembered only to our shame and disgrace, as so many gifts of God, which we have abused.”

MUSIC SIMPLIFIED: *A New System of Music, founded on Natural Principles: designed either for separate use, or as an introduction to the Old System; and intended chiefly for educational and religious purposes; to which is added a collection of Christian Melodies:* by Thomas Harrison. Springfield, O. Gallagher & Halsey, 1839.—To give our readers the best possible illustration of this new system, we present them with a piece of music, written in the new mode. The following is the plan:

DEVIZES. C. M.

6g

C			.1			.1			.1	1	1	.1	1
4q	.5	5	5	.5	.6	.5	.5	5	.5	.6	.5	.5	

6g

D	.3	3	2	.1	.6	54	32	.3		.1	.3	2	.1		.1	3	3	.6	.6
4q									7			7							

6g

A	.1	1	2	.3	.4	32	1	.1		2	.3	.5	42	31	.2		.5	5	.4	.4
4q									7											

6g

B	.1	1	.1						.1								1	1	
4q		7		.4	.5	.5	.1	5		.3	.4	.1	.5	.5			.4	.4	

6g

C						.R	:R	:R	.R	.1	.1	.1							
4q	.5	.5	.5	.5									LOUD	.5	54	.3			

6g

D	54	32	3-2	3-4	.5	12	3.4	32	1	.1	12	3.4	32	1	.1				
4q																			

6g

A	32	1	1-2	.3	34	.5.6	54	32	.3	34	.5.6	54	32	.1					
4q		7	5																

6g

B						.R	:R	:R	.R	.1	.1								
4q	.5	.5	.1	.1													.4	.5	.5

The first seven numerals are placed between two parallel lines, representing the primary octave. The same numerals are also placed below and above the lines, representing the lower and upper octaves. Of course, the three octaves contain twenty-two successive tones. By adding two more parallel lines, five octaves, or thirty-six successive tones, would be employed. Three octaves, however, will answer all necessary purposes.

The length of the tones is determined by certain marks attached to them—the crotchet, or quarter note, is simply the figure; the minim, or half note, has a period to the left; the semibreve, or whole note, two periods; the quaver, or eighth note, has a comma to the right; the semi-quaver, or sixteenth note, two commas; and the demisemiquaver, three. A short horizontal line after a note increases its duration one-half. The letter R denotes a rest; and its length is determined by the same marks as the tones.

At the beginning of the tune, the letters A, B, C, and D, are placed between the lines, to represent the four different parts. A stands for the Air; B for the Base; C for the Counter; and D for the Double, or Second Air.

Immediately above the lines is placed a figure denoting the altitude of the tune, or the pitch to be given to tone 1, which is the key note; thus, 1 denotes the first altitude or the key of

C; 2 the second, or D; 3 the third, or E; 4 the fourth, or F; &c. To the altitude mark is affixed the letter G or P: G denoting the grand octave, or major key; and P the plaintive, or minor.

Immediately below the lines is placed a figure showing the number of beats in each measure; after which is the letter C, meaning common movement, or Q, quick movement, &c.

All the characters used are in every printing-office.

The author of this invention is Mr. T. Harrison, of Springfield, Clark county, Ohio. Upwards of a year ago, he published a work containing a full development of his plan, and a variety of tunes and anthems, written altogether in figures. As to the full merits of the invention we have not a sufficient knowledge of the theory of music to enable us to speak definitely. This much, however, we can say, that it has been used in several places during the past year with encouraging success.

In his preface the author remarks, "The present work is of humble pretensions. It is designed as an introduction to the study of music, and, at the same time, it teaches a system complete in itself."

Since the first appearance of the work, the author has issued a Supplement, in which he states, "His great object is to establish the seven primary tones in the pupils' mind, so that each can be struck by the voice with mathematical certainty; and he contends that figures will aid more in the accomplishment of this object than any other characters. That figures are highly useful in music; that they cannot possibly be dispensed with in teaching its first principles, is generally admitted: if so, where can be the impropriety of using them as a separate system? Will any man of judgment and candor contend that principles are inconsistent with practice?" He further states, "The adaptation of the system to the juvenile mind is generally admitted—it having been publicly demonstrated by the most satisfactory evidence. All are aware that children of three or four years of age can sing; but, until now, there has been no method by which they can sing understandingly. After this plan is learnt, the mind will be prepared for the study of the musical staff—the present system being to the old system what arithmetic is to algebra or geometry. The author never contemplated any opposition to the musical staff: in short, he teaches the two together; and after his pupils have composed music in the new system, he requires it to be transcribed into the old."

It is said that the syllables fa-sol-la, or do-re-mi, if preferred, can be readily applied to the new characters.

We should have supposed an objection to Mr. H.'s plan would have laid in using the same numerals to both scales—the major and minor. On this point, however, Mr. Lowell Mason, in his *Manual of Music*, says, "*Experience refutes the notion, that scholars will be embarrassed by singing numerals.* If they have a correct idea of the minor mode, they will, after some little practice, sing the minor scale by numerals as readily as the major. In doing so, they acquire firmness, certainty and independence." Mr. Mason explains the staff by numerals.

In Mr. H.'s plan, the introduction of flats and sharps, except as accidentals, is set aside. On this point, he remarks, "Experienced musicians are aware, that flats and sharps are introduced to restore the two semi-intervals to their proper places, and are, of course, a mere expedient resorted to in *instrumental* music, having no existence in *vocal*, except when used as *accidentals*, and even then their introduction is for the purpose just stated." This subject is explained at the close of the work, and illustrated by several tables, entirely new.

The work contains a number of scales and representations designed to make the principles of music clear to the juvenile mind. It also abounds with remarks on the philosophy of the different branches of the science. It likewise contains several tunes and anthems from the pen of the author. One or two of the pieces are written in figures on the staff by way of contrast.

In the Supplement are some tunes and anthems composed by the pupils, some of whom were under twelve years of age.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for January 1841. *New York: published by George Lane, 200 Mulberry-street.*—Contents.—Art. I. Introduction. II. Lives of the Apostles: The Lives of the Apostles of Jesus Christ, drawn from the Writings of the early Christian Fathers, and embracing the New Testa-

ment History. Illustrated with ample Notes, historical, topographical, and exegetical: with References to Authorities, containing a large amount of valuable matter; now first translated into English from various Ancient and Modern Languages; besides numerous Original Views and Explanations. With numerous engravings. III. Christianity the Means of Civilization: Christianity the means of Civilization—shown in the evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons, on Aborigines, by D. Coates, Esq., Rev. John Beecham, and Rev. William Ellis, Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and London Missionary Society, &c. IV. Tracts for the Times: Tracts for the Times; by Members of the University of Oxford. V. The Laboring Classes; The Rich against the Poor. The Laboring Classes; by O. A. Brownson. VI. Christian Perfection: I. A Plain Account of Christian Perfection, as believed and taught by the Rev. John Wesley, from the year 1725 to the year 1777. 2. The Last Check to Antinomianism. A Polemical Essay on the Twin Doctrines of Christian Imperfection and a Death Purgatory. By the Author of the Checks. [Found in the Works of the Rev. John Fletcher.] 3. Entire Sanctification: or, Christian Perfection, stated and defended by Rev. J. Wesley, Rev. A. Watmough, Rev. Dr. A. Clarke, Rev. R. Watson, and Rev. R. Teffrey. 4. A Treatise on Christian Perfection, by Richard Teffrey. VII. Critical Notices: 1. Johnson's Manual of Chemistry. 2. Grindrod's Prize Essay. 3. Doctrine and Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. 4. Upham's Philosophical Works. 5. Cookman's Speeches. 6. Smith's Discourses on the Functions of the Nervous System.

This periodical, in its present enlarged and improved form, has been anxiously looked for by at least a portion of the Methodist public. Its appearance answers our highest expectations. It contains a series of well written "reviews;" and from the contents we may calculate that in the department of criticism it will be what it has never been. With a useful and entertaining variety of essays, &c., contributed by such writers as have supplied the materials for this number, there can be no doubt of the popularity and utility of this periodical.

CATALOGUE of the Officers and Students of the *Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill—Readfield, for the year 1840.*—Rev. William C. Larrabee, Principal, and seven assistants. Students: Young gentlemen 223, Young Ladies 69. Total 302. We judge this to be one of the most flourishing institutions of the grade under the patronage of the American Methodists. This impression is borrowed from the character of its teachers, especially its principal—from the number of students, and from its prescribed course of study. We are pleased to learn that young ladies receive instruction in all the branches of a regular course of English and classical studies, as well as in drawing, painting, &c.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

RESERVED ARTICLES.—Mr. Galloway's "Address," "Invocation," "The Vigil of Rizpah," "My Brother," "The Consumptive," "Vital spark," "The Portrait," "Winter evenings," and Rev. E. Thomson's Lyceum Address, are on hand, and will appear in future numbers. The article on Sabbath Schools is good, but the theme renders it more suitable for a weekly sheet. "What can earth bring?" will not do the author justice. We wait for something better from the same hand. "The Expiring Year" is good, but too late for insertion. The articles signed "Louisa," indicate respectable talent, but a want of practice.

PATRONAGE.—The Repository is likely to be sustained. Its patronage is such as already places it on an independent foundation. Many have deemed it impossible to substitute a magazine of its serious character for the popular love-tale periodicals of the day. So far we are gratified with the experiment. Not many have complained that the Repository is too grave. It is true, that in some instances a desire has been expressed for some "good moral tales;" but such wishes cannot be gratified. This periodical must be the vehicle of truth, and not of tales.